

THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1739

SEPTEMBER 2, 1905

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.

THE LITERARY WEEK

THE address given by Mr. Sandeman to the Institute of Journalists at Bournemouth must have set many minds thinking of changes in the newspaper press to which the speaker did not allude. We all know something of the great revolution accomplished by the introduction of steam into printing, and by the extension of the telegraph and telephone service, as well as the attempts made to accomplish by means of the carrier-pigeon the work now done by these mechanical inventions. The effect of the restriction imposed by the newspaper tax, too, is well understood, and, as a matter of fact, the newspaper of to-day is a monster compared with its progenitor of the middle nineteenth century. It employs hundreds of men where the former only used ten. It calls upon experts in every department of thought and science and art to contribute to its pages. It sends messengers through the length and breadth of the world, often giving them an outfit that would not be thought insufficient for a great explorer or the commander of an expedition; and every morning it publishes intimate news from the most distant parts of the world. Such are some of the visible and external changes due to the resources of modern science.

But they do not by any means exhaust the subject. Intrinsically the newspaper of to-day differs entirely from that which used to be published sixty years ago. It was about 1860 that a very great change began to take place, and the best talent in England was impressed to write for the journals of the day. If we turn back to that period we shall find that the newspapers in some respects are better than those of our own time. This is absolutely true as regards the weekly Press, on which the editors managed to set the best intellects of England to work. But the daily papers were so much engaged in perfecting their news, commercial and similar intelligences, that they did not show an equal degree of improvement in their literary matter. Time passed on, as the novelists say, till the journalists of England became infected with the American microbe, and interviewing and sensationalism became a conspicuous feature of the daily Press. They were not really suited to the genius of the English people, and are now on the wane, so that not only is it a most interesting period over which to cast a retrospective eye, but the future of journalism is big with possibilities. No one can say exactly what is going to happen: whether sensationalism will reassert its supremacy, or whether we shall return to that quietness and unostentatiousness which harmonise so finely with the English character.

In illustration of our paragraph on titles in last week's ACADEMY, Mr. Lindsay Hilson, the Librarian of the Jedburgh Public Library, calls to our attention the following paragraph in his last Annual Report:

"In going over these figures [the statistics of fiction issued] I have been much struck with the effect the title has on the selection of a book.

Take for example Payn's works. It will be seen that the one at the top of the list, 'Married beneath him,' has some thirty-five issues more to its credit than the next five, which are all very close to each other. Look also at the writings of Trollope. 'Can you forgive her?' is an easy first by fifty, the others coming straggling with much lower results."

Sir Edward Fry said things which have been said before when, the other day, at the opening of a Public Library, he declared that most people read too many novels, and that the novels which they prefer are "of a contemptible character," and tend to weaken our "moral and intellectual faculties." No doubt there is more than a grain of truth in the saying; but there is an answer to the charge which merits more consideration than it usually receives. Literature is an art; and in almost every art bad work is preferred by the natural man, however intelligent he may be. Even Superior Persons generally have erratic tastes in the arts in which they have not trained their faculties to distinguish.

Pick, for instance, a man of letters at random, and ask him what sort of music he likes best. If he is candid, and if he is not, like Mr. Arthur Symonds, a Superior Person in all the arts alike, he will probably avow some preference which will make a musician's hair stand on end, preferring Italian to German opera, and the "ear-ticklers" of Mr. Lionel Monckton to the compositions of any of the masters from Bach to Moszkowski or Grieg. Herbert Spencer, it may be remembered, went even further than that, asserting, in one of his essays, that he had often derived more pleasure from the jingle of a barrel-organ at the corner of the street than from the performances of the choicest orchestras. Yet no one would venture to say that Herbert Spencer was morally and intellectually debased because the commonplace appealed to him in an art in which he had not trained himself to distinguish good from bad. An analogous excuse may be offered, for what it may be worth, for those whose taste in literature is defective.

Even men of letters, it must be remembered, have moods in which they find more refreshment in literary rubbish than in the masterpieces. Macaulay declared that there was no such thing as a bad novel. Carlyle, when upset by the loss of the manuscript of his "French Revolution," retired into the country, and, for a fortnight, did nothing else but read the novels of Captain Marryat. Mr. Andrew Lang once wrote a Ballad in praise of his favourite novelists. The authors whom he celebrated were not Balzac, or Flaubert, or Fielding, or Scott, or Dickens, or Thackeray. They were Miss Braddon and Gaboriau. How shall we expect the general reader to set himself a higher literary standard for the relaxation of his leisure hours?

Another library subject of some interest was brought up at the meeting of the Library Association at Cambridge. The newspaper room was attacked as the resort of undesirable; the reformers seeming to maintain that some higher law required that such institutions as Free Libraries, when maintained out of the rates, must be of as "improving" a character as possible. The reading of newspapers, as we pointed out last week, is a part of education; but another argument might be that the Free Library is of the nature of a poor man's club, and need not, any more than any other club, be run on the lines of a Mutual Improvement Society. As the vote of censure on the newspaper room was rejected, one or both of these propositions would seem to have been the view of the majority.

Mr. W. L. Courtney, whose enthusiasm for Christopher Marlowe led him some years ago to make a play (and a good play) of his life and death, prints in his September *Fortnightly Review* the first of what we hope may be a series of studies of his work. A critic is generally the better for enthusiasm, and that Mr. Courtney has in

plenty; but in one case, at least, it leads him astray. He quotes the description from "Hero and Leander" of Hero rising in the early dawn:

"And from her countenance, behold ye might
A kind of twilight break, which through } her hair,
As from an Orient cloud, glimps'd here and there } the air,
And round about the chamber this false morn
Brought forth the day before the day was born."

"That," Mr. Courtney adds, "is an admirable example of picturesque fancy and perhaps of something more." That, we should rather say, is an admirable example of a far-fetched and wholly false conceit; far-fetched, because the phantom of false morning is an Eastern, not a Western phenomena, and, though the Hellespont is in the East, the idea is not familiar to English readers; false, because the light that breaks from a face is to be apprehended only by the spirit, and to speak of it as bringing forth the day is a perversion of truth, which is, of all things, unpoetical. Conceits of that kind are the bane of too many of our Elizabethans; a bane from which Marlowe is comparatively free; the imitation of this is what mars, more than anything, the interesting work of our best seventeenth-century poets, Lovelace, for example, and Herbert. In "Hero and Leander" which is, after all, one of the finest examples in any literature of the poetic imagination that Mr. Courtney claims for Marlowe, a discerning critic might have found more truly imaginative lines to support his case.

How different are the lines from *Doctor Faustus*, which Mr. Courtney spoils with a flat-footed parenthesis:

"Was this the face (i.e., Helen's) that launch'd a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?"

They are rhetorical, of course, struck out of *Faustus* in a moment of flame; but the figure is just. Helen's beauty was, as Peele said of Paris, "the unhappy organ of the Greeks," and there is no conceit nor falseness in the phrase. When Romeo cries:

"But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks?
It is the East, and Juliet is the sun,"

he is talking in conceits; but it is Romeo, not Shakespeare, who is speaking. Conceit and hyperbole are the natural tongue of the lover: in the mouth of the narrator, the describer, they are false art.

In praising Marlowe's "mighty line," Mr. Courtney writes as follows of Shakespeare: "Yet Shakespeare gets a higher beauty by interlinking his lines, instead of concluding the sense with the line, like Marlowe. For instance:

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath."

It would have been better, surely, to choose a more pedestrian passage for quotation, for Mr. Courtney's manner of putting his case might lead people to suppose that he attributed the beauty of those supreme lines to their metre.

We shall await with interest the future articles, for in them Mr. Courtney half promises to show what he considers "more than probable," that Shakespeare had Marlowe in his eye when he wrote the passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on "the lunatic, the lover and the poet." We have yet to be convinced of the necessity of supposing that Shakespeare had any one man in his eye. There were other lunatics and lovers for him to study besides Dr. Faustus; and to apply the first two terms to Marlowe's famous creation and the last to Marlowe himself, is to fall into some confusion. Surely, too, the discovery of Zenocrate in the line:

"See Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;"

is a little strained. Both Helen and Egypt were proverbial phrases.

Temple Bar contains an amusing paper by Mr. Michael MacDonagh on "The Poet's Ringlets." Mr. MacDonagh has been round the National Portrait Gallery, and studied the famous heads of our bards. He draws the conclusion that there is no poetic type of face. You cannot even divide poets, as Mr. Grimwig divided boys, into "mealy-faced" and "beefy." Poets are mostly thin; Byron had a terror of becoming fat—and Biron, a poet in his way, declared himself "too fat to be called a good student." Thompson was "more fat than bard beseems," Coleridge was "inclining to the corpulent," Gay was very fat, and Dryden grew fat, while neither Browning nor Landor was thin. The only outward sign of a poet Mr. MacDonagh holds to be his abundant hair. He stretches a point, we think, here and there, for those men, not poets, are few, whose hair, if allowed to grow long, would not fall thick over the shoulders, like Shakespeare's or Goldsmith's, though their heads might be as bald on top as Scott's or Rogers'. There is only one poet in the Gallery, says Mr. MacDonagh, who is palpably, unblushingly bald; and he, after all, is a very "minor" poet, Captain Charles Morris, who wrote "The Sweet Shady Side of Pall Mall." But Cowper was bald, and wore a nightcap. "Draw the curtain close," he sings (in the parody by Mr. Quiller-Couch):

"While I resume the nightcap dear to all
Familiar with my Illustrated Works;"

and there are not a few others (not counting those like Butler, Waller, and Addison, who shirk the test by appearing only in wigs) for whom Mr. MacDonagh is driven back on the plea that they must once have had thick hair.

The curious "medley" of verses quoted in a recent number of the *ACADEMY*, in which a complete poem was framed out of single lines "lifted" from the works of different poets, goes back, like poetic alphabets, a good deal beyond the days of our grandfathers. Both parlour amusements were known to the Romans. One of the most famous and certainly, as far as its concluding stanza goes, the most infamous of these "medleys" is the "Cento Nuptialis" of Ausonius. The most innocent excerpts from Vergil are cunningly dovetailed together to form an elaborate poem, whose finale would convulse Bowdler with horror and Baudelaire with ecstasy. It is amazing to note that Ausonius, after perpetrating these "Limericks," to use the word in its older acceptance, was careful to quote the tag from Pliny about his page being lascivious, but his life pure. Irresistibly one thinks of the unwashed tramp who lays claim to all the Christian virtues.

One word is so often abused that, in one of his dictionaries, Professor Skeat—unintentionally or of set purpose—omitting a meaning gives it only a definition. That word is "charming," and it is, perhaps, the best description of that entertaining letter-writer, Mrs. Montagu, who—the first to establish a *salon* in London—modelled her conversation parties upon those of the Rue St. Honoré, and gathered about her so famous a circle of brilliant ladies in cerulean hose. Our own delight in her letters led us to suppose her fairly well known, and may account for our surprise when we read in a literary contemporary that "Mrs. Montagu, of whose letters we are to get a new series in the autumn, is not to be confused with Lady Montagu, the 'Queen of the Blue Stockings.'"

An acquaintance with Fanny Burney's letters, or with any of the literature of the age would have taught our contemporary that it was Mrs. Montagu whom Dr. Johnson crowned "Queen of the Blue Stockings," not Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who is, presumably, referred to. Mrs. Montagu realised, as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu never realised, the truth of William von Humboldt's remark in his *Letters to a Female Friend*: "A letter is a conversation between the present and the absent: its destiny is fleeting, and it should pass away like the sound of the

voice." Dr. Johnson's criticism, when asked by Sir Joshua Reynolds whether her Defence of Shakespeare did not do her honour: "Yes, sir, it does her honour, but it would do nobody else honour," was scarcely applicable to such letters—and there are many of them—as that she wrote from Bath:

"I should be glad to send you some news, but all the news of the place would be like bills of mortality. . . . Indeed the only thing one can do to-day one did not do the day before, is to die. Not that I would be hurried by a love of variety and novelty to do so irreparable a thing."

And so like a conversation were the letters of Elizabeth that not only the spoken word but the manner of the saying, has a trick of returning in an idle moment.

There is a noteworthy and curious resuscitation of a very famous musical name in the Carl Rosa Opera Company, the dramatic soprano of the company being Mme. Mara. In the history of the early musical festivals at Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford, and at Leeds, the name of Mara, the stately Mara, the sweet-toned Mara, as her enthusiastic admirers called her, is writ large. For she was, after Miss Linley retired, the greatest singer of that age. It was in or about 1780 that she first came prominently to the fore, succeeding Madame Storace, Signor Rauzzini's famous pupil, and Gloucester was the scene of her first connection with the Festival of the Three Choirs. In 1788, the year of the famous visit of George III. and Queen Charlotte to Worcester, Mara was the leading female singer at the Festival. Fanny Burney, who was naturally present in attendance on "the sweet princesses," tells us that "Mara sung finely," but complains of the "very long and tolerably tedious performance consisting of Handel's gravest pieces and fullest choruses." But at that time the fair Fanny was recovering from influenza, or the then equivalent of that depressing malady, so one may overlook the grumble.

This year sees the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Bartholomew Fair. Founded in March 1123 on a grant from Henry I., the Priory of St. Bartholomew rapidly acquired fame for the performance of miracles, and from far and near there came pilgrims to worship there. And the astute merchants of those days seeing that the bodily requirements of those pilgrims must be attended to as well as their spiritual needs, set up little booths in the Smyth, or smooth, field around the Priory, where they displayed their wares to great advantage. And in a second charter granted in 1133 the King declares: "I grant also my firm peace to all persons coming to and returning from the Fair which is wont to be celebrated in that place." Quite early in its history the fair became a place of amusement, and although at first limited to three days rapidly grew to last a fortnight. Hentzner, a German tutor, to whose pen we owe the first description of the Fair, visited it in 1598 and saw the Lord Mayor of London sitting on horseback robed in his velvet gown, read the proclamation, opening the Fair, and afterwards drink ale from a huge silver flagon. Ben Jonson's play of *Bartholomew Fair* is another remarkable description of the event, but it was long after his time that the Fair took on its theatrical character. Pinkethman of Drury Lane had a booth there in 1700, Doggett, the first comedian to play Shylock, kept another. Vanbrugh, Nance Oldfield, Mrs. Pritchard, and many other famous players all appeared in the little shanties, where "drolls" and condensed tragedies were given five times a day. Henry Fielding, too, was both actor and booth proprietor there, for some ten years, among his partners in various ventures being Reynolds and Hippisley. At the beginning of the nineteenth century Bartholomew Fair had become the resort of roughs and undesirable characters, and all its best patrons deserted it. It lingered on, however, until 1855, after which it ceased to be held.

It is interesting to note that England can claim a share in the author of the novel recently published by Messrs. Duckworth, "Napoleon's Love Story," which we reviewed in our number of July 1. Wacław Gasiorowski's father was a Polish landowner who having, for political reasons, to leave Prussian Poland and emigrate to Russian Poland, settled in Warsaw and married the daughter of an English merchant. The author has served his time in the army, kept the books of the Siberian railway, and edited a weekly paper. Then he spent some time in travel, and at last literary and financial success came to him. He was then able to make the round of Napoleon's battle-fields and to visit Corsica and Elba. He has been compared with Sienkiewicz—but Gasiorowski is half an Englishman.

Professor Dowden's "Shakespeare: His Mind and Art," has just appeared in a German translation in Max Hesse's Volksbücherei series and can be purchased for ninepence. So far it is the only English book that the series contains.

It may interest English Shakespearean students to learn that Professor Dowden's Shakespeare Primer, first published in 1877, has just been issued in a German dress in Max Hesse's excellent series, "Volksbücherei." Paul Tausig is responsible for the translation, and Professor Dowden sent him specially a few additions and improvements. The frontispiece is a hitherto unpublished and unknown portrait of Shakespeare from a gem of the second half of the eighteenth century. It is a threefold enlargement of a deep cut black jasper seal by the English artist Burch (died 1814), famous for his skill in cutting precious stones. The seal is in the collection of the late Dr. Rolletts, at Baden, near Vienna. It is evidently a copy of the Chandos portrait. The little volume also contains a reproduction of the title-page of the First Folio with the Droeshout portrait. For the use of the German student Tausig gives a list of German works suitable for the foundation of a little Shakespeare library arranged under the heads: History of English Literature; Shakespeare's Contemporaries; Translations of the Plays; Sources: Biography; Aesthetic and Critical Elucidation; the Bacon hypothesis. For English texts he names the Delius edition (Berlin, 1902) and Macmillan's Globe edition of 1876. He might have mentioned the latest Globe edition or Mr. W. J. Craig's excellent one-volume Oxford edition. A list of English books on similar lines—omitting the translations, of course—would be of infinite use to young people beginning their Shakespeare studies. The present writer is often asked to make such a list, and there seems to be nothing good of the kind in print. So far only the Life of Goethe has been accorded a place in the series under consideration, but at this time of day it is unnecessary to point out in what high consideration Shakespeare is held in Germany.

Mr. J. M. Barrie, Mr. Almeric FitzRoy and Mr. Gilbert have recently joined the council of management of the Murray Stage Society. Mr. A. E. Drinkwater has been appointed secretary for the coming season. Full particulars of the Society and forms of application for membership can be procured from the office at 9 Arundel Street, Strand, W.C.

The author of the review of "The College of St. Leonard" which appeared in our last number writes as follows: "I see that in reviewing 'St. Leonard's' I have said: 'We are not told who the most noted students have been.' In fact, six or seven are named, but I regret the absence of the roll as far as extant."

[The usual EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT to the ACADEMY will be published with the issue of September 16.]

LITERATURE

THE MYSTERY OF EXISTENCE

Life's Dark Problems ; or, Is This a Good World ? By MINOT J. SAVAGE, D.D. (Putnam, 6s.)

DR. MINOT J. SAVAGE reminds us of one of those glib and fluent correspondents who in their letters to the newspapers on such subjects as "Is Sport Cruel?" "Can Happiness be found in Domestic Life?" do their conscientious best to enliven the dull season. In the course of some two hundred odd pages he raises a great many difficult and abstruse questions, over which man has pondered since the time when first he had the capacity to do so. What he seeks to find out is whether there is such a thing as personal immortality, or whether the grave spells "Finis" to the life of man and leaves his doings upon earth all that shall remain of him. The questions he asks are those that have been put by such as have thought and felt deeply since the day of Job onwards, and he writes as a man might have done at the beginning of the Christian era.

It has been said that Darwin introduced a new cosmogony, and certainly the doctrine of evolution can scarcely be left out of sight by any one considering the problems here laid before us. Nor is it the evolution of life only. Mr. Lang has shown us that the laws which Darwin applied to species apply also to myth and legend. Dr. Savage's book would have to be put aside as unsatisfactory were it for nothing else than that it ignores the historical method. When he asserts, as he does, that "the one punishment for doing wrong in the Old Testament, the one great, final punishment of all, is death," he admits that there was a time in the history of man when a future life was not anticipated. The logical result of that would have been an investigation of the origin of this idea, which would, of course, have necessitated the writing of a very different book from this, since it is assumed throughout that the hope of immortality comes naturally to man. One who devoted real thought to the question would by this have been led into far deeper speculations than appear to have occurred to the writer of this book. Even if for the sake of argument we admit that there is in the human mind an instinctive knowledge of a life to come, we are still confronted with the singular fact that man has shaped his deities according to the requirements of the time in which he lived. In the morning light of the world there were gods and goddesses on Mount Olympus who were but magnified human beings, erring like the latter and differing from them only in so far as they were gifted with powers that the warrior or maiden might have longed for. Zeus launched his thunderbolts, but in many respects he was no more than a Greek father who had not yet said good-bye to his wild oats. Athena, Hera, and the rest of the goddesses were only women animated by feminine feelings even when dowered with supernatural gifts. The stern God of the Old Testament is indeed flawless in his conduct, requiring "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." The rewards and punishments, too, were meted out to the people in this life, without any eternal habitation of sorrow for the wicked or halls of enchantment for the good. It was not till later, till life had become complicated and man had felt its miseries as well as brooded over its mysteries, that the Crucified One came to bulk so largely in imagination. Instead of worshipping the voluptuous deities of Greece, or the stern Lawgiver of the Jews, mankind felt itself drawn to One whose claim to attention was that he was "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." It was no longer joy but suffering that became deified.

Somewhat plaintively Dr. Savage confesses that:

"I find a great deal in the New Testament that is inspiring and helpful and comforting and divine, but I cannot find there any explanation for the evils and sufferings and sorrows of the world."

Since the time of Christ science has been busily at work changing the mind of man and his ideas. In the Middle Ages nearly everything evil that happened was attributed to Divine displeasure. For instance, if a plague broke out it was regarded as a scourge for sin; but the modern man partakes very much of the spirit of Lord Palmerston, who, when the Scottish people asked him to appoint a day of prayer for the removal of an epidemic, told them to mend their drains. In the late nineteenth and in the twentieth centuries a great deal of human work might be epitomised as mending the drains. In other words, the conditions of life have been rendered so healthful that those scourges visit us no longer, or, if they do come, they have lost a great deal of their severity. In India at the present moment one can see the two different modes of thought in action: the Oriental, with characteristic fatalism, bows his head to plague and famine, war and tempest, as calamities over which he has no control; the Occidental who is beside him would irrigate and drain and cleanse, and, in a word, fight the plague with all the resources that modern science has placed at his disposal. We give the instance as a simple method of showing how explanation has been doing its work. To the ancient it was Jove who launched the thunderbolt and Neptune who stirred the sea to storm. The mariner of to-day laughs at such ideas, because with more or less clearness he can trace the causes of these phenomena. To the ancient mind the invisible and the immortal lurked everywhere. The river and wood were peopled with naiad and faun. There was scarcely anything which had not some supernatural attribute, but a widening knowledge chases this belief into decreasing corners.

We are far indeed from having solved every mystery connected with life, but much that seemed mystery to our forefathers has received explanation, and most of us live in hope that, as the years pass on, the darkness will be penetrated to a still greater extent. On the hypothesis that our author advances, pain, accident, mental decay, are almost unaccountable atrocities, yet we know that in a right sense the sins of the father are visited on the children unto the third and fourth generation. But, then, sin has come to be understood as an offence against nature. It implies a rebellion against the conditions into which we have been born. The wonder has gone all to the other side, and lies now in the fact that we have the power to rebel, that there is such a thing as independent will, which can defy high heaven itself up to a point. It is true, nevertheless, that to an explanation of the mystery of life we have made no very close approach, though at the same time it cannot be forgotten that even this problem has been simplified and brought within narrow compass by the research of students. Indeed, more than once during the last quarter of a century man has been flattered with the belief that the difficulty had found a solution. So with death, the counterpart of life. No one can say exactly why it should take place; why the heart that has gone on beating for threescore years and ten should not go on beating for ever; why the tissue which is continually being worn out and renewed should not stand the process for ages. In fact, we have at least one great student whose work promises in time to lengthen greatly the days of man, even if it does not prolong them indefinitely. To those who, from a disinterested and detached point of view, are watching these activities, and waiting for what may be developed from them, such a voice as that of the author of this book sounds like a dim echo from the past. Mr. William Morris in one of his novels fabled of an island on which the old men remained as they were and never grew older, and the children remained children for ever, and the queens and kings were immortal and unchanging; and this parable seems to find a dim application in such voices as those to which we have listened, which, after all the changes and discoveries that have been made, still keep on asking the same questions and in the same terms.

BACON

The Philosophical Works of Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Lord High Chancellor of England. Reprinted from the texts and translations, with the notes and prefaces, of Ellis and Spedding. Edited, with an Introduction by JOHN M. ROBERTSON. (Routledge, 5s.)

THE popular view of Bacon, which prevails chiefly because Macaulay is a more readable writer than Ellis and Spedding, is that he was a corrupt judge who redeemed his character by inventing inductive logic. Both the propositions contained in this tempered eulogy are open to dispute, and Mr. Robertson disputes them both with the same sledgehammer with which, in a certain controversy as to the causes of the Boer War, he crashed through the sentimental sophisms of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Whether he would feel quite happy if he were suddenly called upon to submit a suit to the judgment of the Lord High Chancellor without first "insulting him in a pecuniary manner," as FitzGerald put it, is perhaps doubtful. The "four classes of idols which beset men's minds" would probably get in their work and make him waver, since the clarity of the Pure Reason is especially apt to be clouded by them when material and personal interests are at issue. Having no such apprehensions, however, to distort his vision, he makes out a good, and one may almost say a convincing case, against Macaulay and for the view that Bacon was only a corrupt judge in the sense in which Thomas Moore was a corrupt civil servant. Much of the corruption, that is to say, was the work of underlings in his office; and, though it has to be admitted—since he himself admitted it—that he took bribes from suitors, there is a good deal to be said for the theory that he did not regard them as bribes, but rather as innocent tokens of admiration and regard. So exact a philosopher ought unquestionably to have recognised a bribe when he saw one and to have rejected it with the lofty scorn befitting his exalted station; but the distinction between a bribe and a gift was not so clear in those days as it is in these, and we search in vain for evidence that the presents influenced his findings. Sir Matthew Hale could not adduce a single instance of one of his decrees having been reversed by the House of Lords. None of the Bills introduced into the Commons for the purpose of setting some of them aside appear to have reached a Third Reading; there is no record of the overriding of any of them by a Royal Commission. His own estimate of his own case, recorded in a manuscript of Dr. Rawley's in the Lambeth Library, seems therefore to stand: "I was the justest judge that was in England these fifty years; but it was the justest censure in Parliament that was these two hundred years." He was lax, that is to say, but not iniquitous; and Parliament, in taking such strong views of laxity, was raising its own moral standards in a manner which he was bound to approve as a philosopher, however inconvenient he might find it as a man. It is a view that one is glad to be able to take. Even the piquancy of the paradox would not console us for the discovery that the wisest was also the meanest of mankind.

About Bacon's very wisdom, however, there has been dispute. His contemporary, Harvey, though he "esteemed him much for his wit and style," declared that he wrote philosophy "like a Lord Chancellor." Something of that sort is said of nearly every man who is eminent in the active life of a profession as well as in the paths of learning, and there is generally more than a grain of truth in the charge. It might have been said very truly, for instance, of Samuel Wilberforce, when he reviewed Darwin for the *Quarterly*, that he wrote science "like a Bishop." In the case of Bacon, however, the charge is only an epigrammatic way of saying that, like all great thinkers, he had his limitations. What those limitations were was stated clearly enough in Ellis' "General Preface to the Philosophical Works," and is re-stated, with additional vigour and supplementary illustrations, in Mr. Robertson's introductory essay.

The view that Bacon invented, or even formulated for the first time, the methods of inductive reasoning is not to be entertained. As Ellis remarks: "The nature of the act of induction is as clearly stated by Aristotle as by any later writer." The special Baconian "method" of investigation, again, is properly described by Ellis as "nearly useless." It professes to offer "absolute certainty and a mechanical mode of procedure such that all men should be capable of employing it"; and these are not recognisable features of any branch of scientific inquiry. They no more distinguish the inquiries of such modern thinkers as Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Pasteur, than they distinguished those of Bacon's eminent predecessors and contemporaries, Copernicus, Leonardo da Vinci, Kepler, Galileo, Gilbert, and Harvey. For a man, moreover, who took all knowledge for his province, Bacon was singularly ignorant of the discoveries made by other thinkers, unaided by his methods and unstimulated by his exhortations. As Dean Kitchin has noted, he was denying progress even in the mechanical arts when fly-clocks, telescopes, and microscopes were being newly made around him. As regards abstract science, a more formidable indictment can be drawn. In complaining of the want of compendious methods for facilitating arithmetical computations, he does not say a word about Napier's Logarithms, printed only nine years before, and reprinted in the interval. He complains that no considerable advance had been made in geometry beyond Euclid, taking no notice of what had been done by Archimedes. And Mr. Robertson continues:

"He discusses the rate of fall of weights in ignorance of Galileo's doctrine, published thirty years before, and makes inquiries concerning the lever without knowledge of the theory of it, which was well established in his day. Speaking of the poles of the earth as fixed, he shows inacquaintance with the then familiar fact of the procession of the equinoxes. There is no sign that he sought the acquaintance of able contemporary English astronomers like Harriot; and though Harvey was Court physician, and had been publicly discussing his theory for at least nine years before he published his great treatise (1628) Bacon gives no indication of having heard of it."

One can understand that Harvey, at any rate, considered that to write thus was to write philosophy "like a Lord Chancellor." His verdict would have been just if the value of Bacon's work had depended upon accuracy in matters of this kind. It depends, however, upon nothing of the sort, but, to be read usefully, must be read as the manifesto of a clear thinker in favour of clear thinking, delivered in a pregnant style suggestive of a trumpet-call to do battle with the powers of darkness. His frequent flat transgression of his own precepts does not greatly matter; for it is never given to any man to emancipate himself from all the prejudices and preconceptions of his age. Bacon held up the lantern and showed the way, though he did not always see as much of it as he showed, or even follow as much of it as he saw. At least he pilloried, once and for all, those tendencies of the human mind against which it is most necessary that we should be on our guard when we engage in the pursuit of truth: the tendencies, notably, to mistake words for things, and to confuse dogmas with natural laws.

Writing at a date when, as Mr. Robertson puts it, "every important new idea was arrested in the name of dogma, and as nearly strangled as was possible to those in authority," his arraignment rendered a service which it is difficult properly to appreciate in these days of freer thought. But it is an arraignment that is not yet out of date, and perhaps never will be. It is still true that "the human understanding when it has once adopted an opinion (whether as being the received opinion or as being agreeable to itself) draws all things else to support and agree with it." It is still true that "the human understanding is no dry light, but receives an infusion from the will and affection; whence proceed sciences which may be called 'sciences as one would.'" Bishop Wilberforce's absurd review of "The Descent of Man" is not the most recent instance of a dogmatist invoking the Idol of the Theatre

and playing to the gallery. The Christian scientists of to-day, no less than those who in Bacon's time believed in the curative efficacy of the royal touch, need to be reminded of the

"good answer that was made by one who when they showed him hanging in a temple a picture of them who had paid their vows as having escaped shipwreck, and would have him say whether he did not now acknowledge the power of the gods—'Aye,' asked he again, 'but where are they painted that were drowned after their vows?'"

For, as Bacon himself says, when protesting that his strictures are not applicable only to the systems now in vogue, or to the ancient sects and philosophies: "Many more plays of the same kind may yet be composed and in like artificial manner set forth; seeing that errors the most widely different have nevertheless causes for the most part alike."

THE WORLD INVISIBLE

Metapsychical Phenomena. By J. MAXWELL. (Duckworth, 10s. 6d. net.)

AMONG the things which they do not "order better in France," we may reckon "psychical research." The book of Dr. Maxwell of Bordeaux, "*Metapsychical Phenomena*," has prefaces by Sir Oliver Lodge and M. Richet, Professor of Physiology in the University of Paris. It is a perfectly honest book, and is well recommended, but it is not more convincing than Mr. Pepys (who mistook his own cat for a sprite) found Glanvil's narrative of the ghostly drummer of Tedworth. Sir Oliver Lodge remarks that Dr. Maxwell and other French metapsychicians, at all events, do not try to find any basis for religion in their studies, which, so far, is well. An investigator ought to have no interested ulterior motive. Fair and candid as Dr. Maxwell is, Sir Oliver has to remark that he does not erect the same standard of evidence as the English society for psychical research tries to maintain. This is a pity: we must have the most stringent evidence for such marvels as "intelligent noises," to all appearance not produced by intelligent humbugs present, and for "mechanical movements without contact," and for "visible, tangible, and luminous appearances," not hallucinatory. Sir Oliver Lodge insists that we ought to have the most minute and careful record of "these elusive and rare phenomena," and that kind of record we do not get from Dr. Maxwell. We hear that he "was once experimenting." Where, when, how long ago, with whom? Were the facts recorded at the moment? A curtain was "disturbed," mostly when the medium "rubbed the head of one of the experimenters." Head male or female? how near the curtain? was it ascertained that the medium, or the rubbed person, was in no way in contact with the curtain, and that nobody else was? Dr. Maxwell does not tell us. We understand that he took all proper precautions, but we want to know exactly what they were. He supposes that a "force has a probable connection with the organism of the people present." Then a quantity of force should be disengaged at a boxing match with gloves, in a room; but it never moves tables or curtains, though Dr. Maxwell has "verified a correlation between the intensity of the muscular effort and the abnormal movement." D. D. Home did not make intense muscular movements when heavy tables trotted about or rose from the ground in his presence. We never hear that the people of his circle squeezed each other's hands very tightly, which Dr. Maxwell regards as a process favourable to abnormal movements of material objects, untouched. If Dr. Maxwell, when actually touching a small table, "violently contract the muscles of my arms and legs," it is no miracle that the small table moves. The marvel would be if it did not. This exciting anecdote is not intelligible. "We touched the edge of the smaller table," says Dr. Maxwell; then he says that he made an intense muscular effort, and the little table moved.

Does he mean by "we" other people present, and does he mean that he himself was *not* touching the table? Even if he were not, other people were, and any of them, or all of them, might unconsciously move the table. Conceive Professor Ray Lankester sitting down, with an open mind, to give psychical research "a run for its money" by seriously perusing this book! The learned professor would naturally be confirmed in his scepticism.

Dr. Maxwell has observed that in experiments to obtain movement of a table without contact the skirt of a female medium is apt to bulge out and come into contact with the table, which then moves! There ought to be an umpire present on such occasions. Nothing should touch the table: we do not know what it is that bulges the feminine skirt, but in all probability that something moves the table. The medium should therefore be disqualified. Eusapia Paladino used to do the trick in this way. She was detected in cheating at Cambridge and was warned off the British turf, so to speak. Foreign students, however, still think it worth while to make experiments with her, which seems odd to a British amateur. It is also odd that inquirers should be content with experiments in the dark, or in the very faintest light conceivable. Science and common sense have nothing to say about phenomena alleged to have been seen in a light in which nobody can see.

There are tales of a medium who wishes to attract a little statuette on a table. He uses his hands "as if he were putting something behind the object." As he draws his hands back, an observer "hears something like the crackling of a hair or silk thread on the wood of the statuette, and then the latter moved." No doubt it did, but the observer is sure that "no hair or thread was used." He adds: "You perceive how very suspicious the phenomena sometimes appear to be." So suspicious that, if there were really no hair or thread, the phenomenon was trebly miraculous. Everything points to the performance of a common piece of conjuring, except the observer's failure to see the hair or thread. But he *heard* it, or what was it that he did hear? Home never worked his marvels in this kind of way. They remain unexplained, and fall into line with many similar phenomena reported historically in all countries and ages. We may attribute them to some undiscovered kind of trickery, or to hallucination; in any case they stand apart from tricks in which you see the medium acting as if he were arranging a thread round a light object, and hear the sound of the thread on the object, and then see the object follow the movement of the medium's hands. Such things do not demand record.

Again, people sit in the dark till they "think they see milky looking clouds floating about." So some people think they see milky clouds in a glass ball when they have stared at it long enough. Or nothing happens till the medium goes into the cabinet, and then a milky kind of light is seen, but not by all present. M. and X. see these notable phenomena, but Professor Richet does not; or not at first, and not often. He does see them occasionally, however, and thinks them "objective." Were they also "objective" when he did not see them, but the others did; and, if they were objective lights in a dark room, what prevented him from seeing them? The answer is "because of his position." But when the experimenters changed their positions, they all three saw lights. The whole affair is not very convincing; it occurred in the medium's own house. It is favourable to the medium's honesty that he has severe gastric attacks after some of his phenomena. One leaves Dr. Maxwell's book with a perfect conviction of his honesty, some hesitation about his logic, and entire certainty that his records will have no weight with sceptics; but then he does not seem to expect to produce any effect on them.

ANDREW LANG.

SAINT PATRICK

The Life of St. Patrick, and his Place in History. By J. B. Bury, M.A. (Macmillan, 12s. net.)

THE legendary spirit seldom more excellently brightens the bed-rock of history with a flower than when, at this or that stage in the world's story, paganism and Christianity clash. Of all the legends that cluster round the name of St. Patrick, none, perhaps, is better known than that which brings him (regardless of anachronisms) into contention with Oisín, the Fenian warrior-bard, long dead now, if ever he lived, in St. Patrick's fifth century, yet made to render a last service to his mighty kinsfolk by recalling in a proselytising age memories of the loves, the wars, the feastings, the battle-songs and the glories of the Fenian heroes of old.

Two poets in our own day (Aubrey de Vere in his "Legends of St. Patrick" and Mr. W. B. Yeats in "The Wanderings of Oisín") have treated these fabled contentions, and Mr. Yeats' vaguely beautiful lyric-heroic, especially, bridging the intervening centuries by the nature of its argument, succeeds in opening wonderful dim vistas of innumerable spears glimmering through the battle-mists of old. But here, in the book before us, we are to follow, under exceptionally good guidance, an historic survey of the subject, and so come to an Ireland filled with petty chieftains, tribes and clans, dimly lit, at the beginning of the story, with sporadic gleams of Christianity and pierced during the period here covered with a bright, undeniable ray emanating from Rome. As Professor Bury tells us at the outset, the subject attracted him:

"In the first place as an appendix to the history of the Roman empire illustrating the emanation of its influence beyond its own frontiers, and in the second place as a notable episode in the series of conversions which spread over Northern Europe the religion which prevails to-day."

But, seeking to place Patrick in his corner of the world among the various European missionaries of the dark ages, he found himself quite unable, in spite of all that has been written, to form a clear conception of the man and his work. For there was the generally accepted view that he was the first introducer of Christianity to Ireland, and that he converted the whole island; there was the view that his activities were confined to a small district in Leinster. And, these apart, there were the perennial ecclesiastical controversies as to a Roman, a Celtic, or an independent impetus to his mission. From any such prepossession Professor Bury claims to be free. Starting with a solely intellectual interest in the answers he might find to any of the questions, he has worried the matter out afresh for himself, embodying the various conclusions to which a careful comparison of original sources has tended in three hundred pages of notes and appendices, and basing upon these conclusions the two hundred pages of "historiography" which form the text.

Speaking generally, what chiefly impresses us in narrative and appendices alike is the constant presence of a wide and just sense of historical perspective which should not in the least dwarf the particular interest of the book, except for those who, when they are examining a tree, like to see nothing but that tree, to the entire exclusion of the rest of the landscape. In thinking comprehensively of the fifth century one hardly thinks of Ireland at all, or of Britain immediately, except as of a side scene in the great Imperial tragedy that occupies the whole of the European stage. One pictures rather the political star of old Rome disappearing in a welter of barbarian storm-clouds, while through them rises slowly, but ever higher, that other strange star of Latin Christianity which had already attracted the gaze of Rome's conquerors and was destined to overawe all Europe with the spectacle of that steadfast, undying Roman arrogance which could transform the meekest into the most magnificent and imperious of all religions.

It is with the question of the diffusion of Christianity beyond the borders of the Empire that Professor Bury opens

his subject. As the State religion of the dominant power of the world (a power which enjoyed enormous prestige even among the foes which beset it), the Christian ideal had long tended to overflow the Imperial borders without any direct missionary undertaking on the part of the Church herself. The two chief sources of infiltration were prisoners of war and traders; and Ireland, lying outside the Roman outposts but well within the Roman horizon, was probably far more susceptible to the influences of war and commerce than has been generally realised. Connected by trade to some extent with Britain and Gaul and Spain, she was also specially linked with Britain through the probable immigration, during the third century, of an Irish tribe, the Dessi, which had been driven from its home in Meath and allowed to settle in the south-western parts of the province. In the fourth century, again, Irish raids were one feature of those harassing troubles of Britain that called for and received Imperial attention; while towards the close of the century these increased in determination and severity, partly owing to various disturbances in Britain and outside, involving the movement of part of the Roman army, and partly owing to the existence of a famous freebooting High King of Ireland, Niall of the Nine Hostages. Such raids meant the transference of many Romano-Celtic Christians to Ireland; so that, on the whole, the inference that there was some small amount of Christianity in the country is not difficult to sustain. What admits, however, of no dispute (since we have his own word for it) is that during one of these raids Patrick, the son of Calpornius (a native British small landowner, a decurion and a deacon of the Church), was surprised at his father's seaside home-stead near "Bannaventa," possibly somewhere near the Severn, and carried away at the age of fifteen, and perhaps in A.D. 404-405, into six years captivity "in the utmost parts of the earth." In this connection it is curious that tradition should have discarded his own strongly presumptive evidence as to the place for his captivity. In the "Confession" (which, together with the "Letter against Coroticus," forms the only first-hand testimony left us) he tells how, in after years, there came to him in a dream the voice of those who dwelt near the Wood of Fochlud crying out to the "holy youth" that he would come and continue to walk with them (*adhuc ambulare*). Now Fochlud is in Connaught; yet the two seventh-century compilations of Tirechan and Muirchu, largely based on older written material, state that the place of his captivity was Mount Miss (Slemish), in Ulster, and that the master who employed him as a cattle-herd was Miliucc, King of Dalaradia (South Antrim).

It was during this time of tribulation, at all events, that his heart was turned towards spiritual things. So that:

"in a single day I have said as many as a hundred prayers and in the night almost as many; and I used to remain even in the woods and on the mountain, and used to rise in prayer before daylight, in the midst of snow and ice and rain, and I felt no injury from it, nor was there any sloth in me; because as I now see the Spirit was then fervent in me."

But at last a dream helped him to put into execution the desire of his heart to escape; and journeying nearly two hundred miles to a seaport town (perhaps Wicklow), he succeeded in earning a passage in a ship just sailing with a cargo of Irish wolf-hounds. From this point to the date of his consecration as Bishop in 432, crucial points bearing upon his subsequent mission to Ireland abound, and in the following account we summarise the very interesting constructive narrative which Professor Bury offers as a rough approximation. The party landed, probably in Gaul, and journeyed south for twenty-eight days through a desolate region which had not perhaps recovered from the barbarian devastations of five years before. It was probably in Italy that Patrick parted from his companions, and making his way slowly homewards, tarried for two or three years in Honoratus' island cloister at Lerins, years which no doubt brought him, under the spell of the monastic ideals. In 414-415 he was again among his kinsfolk in Britain, and now it was that the cry from

the Wood of Fochlud, or the voice of the young children of Fochlud as a later story has it, filled him with enthusiasm and pity for the helpers unbaptized. Diffidence, however, fought hard in him with enthusiasm, and in the end he repaired to Auxerre on the Yonne, there to be consecrated deacon by its Bishop, Amator, and to spend, as it befell, some sixteen years of preparation. In those years the great Pelagian question was occupying the minds of the orthodox, and in 429 A.D. Germanus, Amator's successor in the see of Auxerre, went to Britain with the sanction of Pope Celestine to suppress the rising head of the Pelagian "serpent" there. It was through one Palladius, perhaps a deacon of Germanus, that the Papal approval of this visit had been gained; and when, a little later, Celestine's attention was drawn to the position of the small Christian settlements in Ireland it was Palladius again who interested himself in the matter. Professor Bury holds it likely that some message had come from the orthodox in Ireland, and that the consecration and despatch of Palladius in 431 as Bishop "ad Scottos in Christum credentes" (as Prosper of Aquitaine records), which first linked Ireland, however loosely, to the spiritual federation of Western Europe, was the answer to that appeal. But within a year news reached Auxerre of the death of Palladius, and then it was that Patrick, who had perhaps already started on a mission to Ireland under Palladius' auspices, was himself consecrated Bishop by Germanus and set forth finally in 432 to continue in constant and strenuous labours there (with the possible interval of a visit to Rome, *circa* 441-443) till his death in 461.

Such is Professor Bury's daring yet modestly tentative account of perhaps the most difficult period of all the difficult Patrician chronology. It differs, widely, at a glance, from those, for instance, which follow the tradition that Patrick was consecrated not by Germanus but by Amator, who died in 418, and from those again, which (placing his birth at about 373, his captivity at 388-394, his "first coming" at 397) put forward the theory of thirty years independent and unsuccessful missionary work in Ireland prior to his episcopate. In view of such differences we give it in detail, for indeed it is upon the question of the truth about Patrick's life before he came to the Irish that the whole vexed question of his relation to Rome rests. If we accept the view that he was so long a time at Auxerre, if, again, we acknowledge the growing weight of influence exercised by the Roman see over the Church of Gaul even prior to the act by which, in 445, Valentinian III. conferred upon the Bishop of Rome sovereign authority over the western Provinces, it is a likely consequence that the half diocesan, half monastic organisation, of which Armagh became the head, took its basic note from Rome, however much it may have been modified by those secular, tribal institutions which undoubtedly affected and moulded it. The fact that in the seventh century we find the Church in Ireland developing upon independent lines may be attributed to the centrifugal tendency of the Irish genius, which impelled the ecclesiastical communities to break away from, rather than to uphold, the Patrician tradition. That is, at least, a possible answer to a question very frequently asked.

We must reluctantly leave to the reader the various itineraries, legends, transactions, and foundations, which so greatly enhance the interest of this book, and pass to a point upon which we find it a little difficult entirely to acquiesce. Professor Bury loses no opportunity throughout of laying stress upon his conception of Patrick as the bearer, not so much of the Roman Catholic as of the Roman Imperial and civil ideas. No doubt the Roman Church borrowed much from the Roman State; yet in the case of Patrick this alleged "Romanitas" seems hardly consistent with that "Rusticitas" of which he is always so conscious, and of which not all his communion with many a scholarly churchman availed to rid him. Was he not, after all, essentially a Celt at the Celtic best, "modest, shrewd, generous, enthusiastic," as Dr. Whitley Stokes

puts it, "with the Celtic tendency to exaggerate failure and success"? To incline to this view is by no means to dissent from Professor Bury's final estimate of the triple aspect of his work in Ireland: "He organised the Christianity which already existed; he converted kingdoms which were still pagan, especially in the west; and he brought Ireland into connection with the Church of the empire, and made it formally part of universal Christendom."

THE LANGUAGE OF SAINT JOHN

Johannine Vocabulary. By EDWIN A. ABBOTT. (Black, 13s. 6d. net.)

THIS scholarly study of the vocabulary of St. John's Gospel fully warrants the author's statement, that the language of the Evangelist reveals him

"in a new light, as a prophet and yet a player on words; one of the most simple of writers yet one of the most ambiguous; with a style, in parts, apparently careless, parenthetic, irregular, abrupt, inartistic—an utterer of after-thoughts and by-thoughts, putting down words just as they came into his mind, according to Mark Antony's profession, 'I only speak right on'; but, in general effect, an inspired artist endowed with an art of the most varied kind, not metrical, not rhetorical, never ornate, yet conforming to rules of order, repetition, and variation, that suggested, at one time the refrains of a poem, at another the arrangements of a drama, at another the ambiguous utterances of an oracle, and the symbolism of an initiation into religious mysteries."

The work is based on "a comparison of the words of the Fourth Gospel with those of the three Synoptics," and is dedicated appropriately to the author's daughter, by whom the greater part of the materials were collected and classified, and the results corrected and revised. One result of this comparison appears to be that the old traditional theory that St. John's Gospel was written to supplement the omissions of the Synoptics, as a rule, is untenable, for Dr. Abbott here shows that St. John "said the same thing as one or more of the Synoptists did, only in a different way," and therefore to a great extent St. John's Gospel differs often from the other Gospels more in language than in substance, and so far corroborates them. This fact supplies an evidential value, hitherto overlooked, to the Fourth Gospel. Many, too, of the incidents and sayings recorded by the Synoptists are here shown to be either directly or indirectly alluded to by St. John. Take for example the following:

"The words 'lovest thou me more than these' are apparently intended to mean 'more than these thy companions whom thou hadst in mind when thou didst say, in effect, though all should desert thee, yet will I never.' The Fourth Gospel nowhere puts into Peter's mouth this contrast between what he would not do, and what 'all' might do, yet the Evangelist appears to imply the contrast here. That is to say, the author writes *allusively*, alluding to a tradition that he has not himself recorded."

Again, no other work on Greek Testament synonymous words, especially those in St. John, so completely brings to light their precise difference and applies them to the clearer elucidation of the Gospel narrative, as this volume, which throws much original light on obscure passages, and often reconciles seeming difficulties in text and context and shows that in some cases what appears to be mere tautology or redundancy is in reality a most important statement of either incident or doctrine. Take for instance the verbs *οἶδα*, I know, or in a popular sense "know all about," and *γινώσκω*, "I acquire knowledge about," "come to know," "understand," or "feel"—a distinction emphatically drawn by St. John, viii. 55 and thrice repeated as the words of Jesus to the Jews in respect to His Father, "Ye have had no understanding [*τύνηκαρε*] of Him, but I know [*οἶδα*, i.e., have absolute knowledge of Him], and if I say I know [*οἶδα*] Him not, I shall be a liar like unto you, but I know [*οἶδα*] Him." Once more, few distinctions have a more pregnant bearing on the interpretation of St. John's Gospel than the distinction between *πάγω* to go, and *πορεύομαι*. The latter is applied to "go on a journey," the former is applied by our Lord

to Himself as "going home," or "going back," as in St. John xiii. 3: "Knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that from God he had come forth and to God he was going home [*ἐνέει*]." Then in xvi. 5, "I go home [*ἐνέει*] to the Father" (though the article here appears to be personal and might be better rendered "My Father"). Further, the Vocabulary presents not only the deviations of St. John from the Synoptic Vocabulary, but also the deviations of the Synoptists from St. John, as well as the words common to St. John and one or more of the Synoptists, while in the notes a successful attempt has been made to give the Johannine substitute for the Synoptic words and occasionally to suggest the motive for the change. Take, for instance, the fact that "where the Synoptists speak of a kingdom, there John implies a Family." This is the great difference between the Three Gospels and the Fourth; the latter nowhere mentions the Kingdom of God except to represent Jesus as warning a great Rabbi that it cannot be seen or entered except after a new birth, and that the words "born from above" indicate that one must become a child of the Family of Heaven, while something of the kind appears to be latent in the Synoptic doctrine about "little children" and "little ones." This is quite in harmony with what John teaches: "The eternal unity in the Divine Family, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, and the fore-ordained unity for the Human Family, those who receive the Spirit of the Father by receiving the Son." Nor is this all. The work abounds in valuable criticisms and distinctions of Johannine words, even apart from the chief object of the writer. Take, for example, the perspicuous note on emphatic adverbs so often ignored, as in John xi. 8, where the Authorised and Revised Versions render "Goest thou thither again?" Now the adverb, *ἐκεῖ*, "there," occurs seldom in St. John at the end of the sentence, where it is always emphatic, so the correct rendering is, "Is it there [the very place where they sought to stone thee] that thou goest?"

Much as we admire this scholarly work, we cannot quite endorse its author's theory in its fullest extent, but incline to the belief that St. John wrote mainly to supplement or to complete the Gospel history, for when he repeats the statements of the Synoptists he does so with *additional* circumstances and these often show that his object here as elsewhere is mainly to spiritualise the Gospel history; on which he comments on the facts related—a circumstance in which he stands alone—and connects them with the essential doctrines of Christianity.

Again Dr. Abbott seems to miss the full force and application of St. John's use of *σημεῖα*, "signs," for the synoptic *δυνάμεις*, "powers," to express "miracles"—a usage which only confirms his spiritual and doctrinal teaching in contrast to the comparatively more moral and practical teaching of the Synoptists. Now St. Augustine and other Fathers see in St. John's choice of the word "sign" for miracle, not merely an evidence of the Divine power of Jesus, but an evidence of his Divine sovereignty, as the Creator, in harmony with St. John's description of the Logos, by "whom all things were made and without whom nothing was made that was made," and also with the earliest textual reading "the only begotten God," for such a sovereignty he exercised not only over man, or death and disease, but over other portions of creation, the winds and the sea, over water (changed into wine) and over unclean spirits. Last, we cannot agree that the Fourth Gospel proclaims "Nature" or "Mother Nature," somewhat after the teaching of Epictetus. Now if the Gospel of St. John teaches anything of the Nature of Jesus, from beginning to end, it is His Divine Nature, and in this respect it differs from the Synoptists who dwell more on the human Nature than the divine, while John dwells mostly on the divine. When Dr. Abbott renders τὸ εὐλογεῖν (Epictetus) as the Good Logos, and writes that the "incarnation of the Good Logos dies as a Jew, crucified by Jews for 'all men' alike, with the prediction 'if I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto Me,' i.e., 'I will draw all men

into harmony with Nature,'" he does injustice to the Greek of Epictetus, and what is more, injustice to the whole tenor of Christ's teaching as given in St. John and to the concurrent teaching of the Christian Church from the first century to the present.

DRY BONES

Memories of Madras. By Sir CHARLES LAWSON. (Swan Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. net.)

THE title of this book is misleading. It seems to indicate a record of personal sojourn, rather than a series of short biographies of persons connected with Madras, brought down to 1830-1840, and "obtained by delving in the archives of the British Museum and the India Office." Those who know already the history of Madras will be interested in Sir Charles Lawson's book; those who do not will like it in proportion as they have an appetite for detail. These papers, repeated from the *Madras Mail* do not, in any sense, form a history, and must not be judged as such. The city itself and Indian affairs in general play a very small part in a lengthy book nominally devoted to them. There are other works in plenty which give the history of Madras, and Sir Charles has confined himself, perhaps with wisdom, certainly with modesty, to the accumulation of matter which will be of value to future historians. His book contains a number of interesting portraits and views and is carefully and pleasantly printed.

The social, military, and commercial interests in our history in Southern India are full of romance. They deal with a hard struggle for supremacy in an unknown land, against an enemy of barbarous cruelty and fanatic valour; with the gradual growth of a huge Presidency from one insolvent fort, always tottering on the brink of bankruptcy; with the handling of huge treasures such as a Scheherazade might tell of; with dangers of famine, war, and pestilence by land, and storm, pirates, and privateers by sea, in an age when neither telegraph nor steam had robbed the stern realities of life of their romantic haze of uncertainty.

Sir Charles touches on none of these subjects. From his collection of genealogies and details a few points of general interest stand out. The wars with Hyder Ali and Tippoo Sulatun are occasionally mentioned, *à propos* of stores, an official quarrel, or lack of funds, but only once is there any vivid touch which makes the campaigns live to the reader; and that occurs in a summary of Captain Donald Campbell's "Journey Overland to India." Campbell and a young Englishman named Hall were wrecked on the coast, and fell into the hands of Hyder Ali's people. They were imprisoned for several months fastened together by the leg and loaded with irons. During this time Hall died of dysentery, but the Commandant refused to order the corpse to be removed, and for several days and nights Campbell remained fettered to the putrefying body. Beyond this anecdote, Hyder Ali is only casually referred to, and the growth of our power in the Madras district is not touched upon at all, nor are any commercial interests mentioned.

Nevertheless, the volume is a monument of accuracy and painstaking research, and should be useful as a reference-book to those interested in Madras. As an independent work it has few merits, and the one really human chapter in it is given up to Mr. Thomas Snodgrass, an ex-resident of Ganjam, who returned from India with so peculiar a reputation as to his accounts and financial conduct, that "John Company" refused him the usual pension. Thereupon Mr. Snodgrass quietly took to sweeping a crossing in front of the East India House, then in Leadenhall Street. He told all questioners who he was—a former collector and resident of a wealthy province in India, and a servant of the Company for many years, now reduced by their neglect to beg his bread in the streets. The directors could not

arrive at or leave the House without beholding the spectacle of Mr. Snodgrass industriously sweeping the crossing. In the end he won his point, and had the gratification of informing the directors that by granting him his pension they had brought his income up to £5000 a year.

Two interesting lights are incidentally thrown on Wellington's character. In 1801, when the brevet step of Major-General had been given to the old colonels, young Wellesley, then thirty-two years old, to whom the promotion did not apply, remarked that his highest ambition was to be a Major-General in the King's service. This seems to be one of the cases where coming greatness did not cast its shadow before. The other reference is by the late Lord Salisbury's mother, who declared that the Iron Duke was by nature domestic, but that "with all his glory and greatness, he never had a home."

POETRY AND VERSE

- The Little School.* A Posy of Rhymes. By T. STURGE MOORE. With four woodcuts by the Author. (Lucien and Esther Pissarro, the Eragny Press, 18s. net.)
The Rainbow and the Rose. By E. NESBIT. (Longmans, 5s.)
Ellan Vannin. Ballads and Verses of the Isle of Man. By HARROLD JOHNSON. (Watts, 1s. net.)
The Mind Birth. A Poem and a Philosophy. By the Author of "The Latest Hell." (Watts, 1s. 6d.)
The Tragedy of Asgard. By VICTOR PLARR. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)
The Love Song of Tristram and Iseult. And other Poems. By CYRIL EMRA. (Elliot Stock.)
The Nets of Love. By WILFRID WILSON GIBSON. (Elkin Mathews, 1s. net.)

NOTHING is more unprofitable than disputing about tastes. Fortunately there is still one field that must always be free from such discussion—the field of poetry for children. The children are inexorable masters in this field. Authority has never ventured to pitch one tent there. There are only two rules: first, children like what they will, and for what reason they choose, and leave the rest; secondly, poetry cannot be written for children by design or goodwill aforethought. These two, it will be seen, are twin and inseparable.

There are children to whom this poem, "Lubber Breeze," by Mr. Sturge Moore, may be something as engrossing as an ant's nest, an old doll, a wild swan's feather, or a man with a beard like Lodore:

"The four sails of the mill
Like stocks stand still;
Their lantern-length is white
On blue more bright.

"Unruffled is the mead
Where lambkins feed
And sheep and cattle browse
And donkeys drowse.

"Never the least breeze will
The wet thumb chill
That the anxious miller lifts,
Till the vane shifts.

"The breeze in the great flour-bin
Is snug tucked in;
The lubber, while rats thieve,
Laughs in his sleeve."

And there are children who would call, not for that, but for a singing of the ballad of Sir Hugh of Lincoln; or for a hundred lines of "Paradise Lost." There are others who may succumb to a reading of "The Ancient Mariner," and appear to have been bewitched by it, sent far and deep into strange waters from which they have not the power to bring any treasure back; and then, in a day or two, the loud sweet voice of another child in the solitude of night reminds them of the hermit good in the wood

"that slopes down to the sea," and they exclaim, with their first quotation:

"How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with Marineres
That come from a far countree."

Sympathy with children, especially if it be of the conscious sort, seems to be of uncertain value to the man whose poetry they read or hear. Perhaps they suspect sympathy, with their keen and hostile eyes for clergymen and coated pills. The intention of the author is certainly of no importance to them. They treat his work as some lovers of art treat pictures: they are open to suggestions and impressions, not much to the artist's intention as interpreted by the best critics. They read, in "The Little School":

"Kate has sown candytuft, lupins and peas,
Carnations, forget-me-not and heart's-ease;
Jack has sown cherry-pie, marigold,
Love-that-hes-bleeding and snapdragons bold:
But who knows
What the wind sows?"

and they ask, grave and entirely pleased: "What is cherry-pie?" Just so, when you read:

"O Mary dear, that you were here . . ."

they are apt to talk about some friend of that name. The rich, suggestive epithet, the puissant verb steeped in the souls of five centuries and a hundred poets, may mean nothing to the child; but the univocal plain word may be as a tower of ivory to his mind.

Mr. Sturge Moore would be unlikely to write verse for any reason except that it was dictated to him by the spirit that gave him "Absalom" and "Medea." That he calls these latest verses "The Little School," and tells us that they were "made for and brought home to children," means only that certain children have loved his work. The turn for expressing views of meals, new clothes, liberty, washing, picture-folk, as a child who set value on its childishness might express them, was probably not due to the prospect of a particular audience of children. That might approach condescension: there is no condescension here. But there is a quaint limitation and a happy emphasis on unexpected things, which suggest that Mr. Sturge Moore had been enchanted and compelled to "leave yon crowd of spies" and to live with children, before he wrote these pieces. We see the child in some of the rhythms; they dance, where this poet's rhythms usually march as in heavy ground. More often, we see the rather elvish than adult wistfulness of an alien watching the child. The Lullaby, which is one of the best of the poems, is full of this. It hardly matters whether many children like them or not. It is enough that they are a charming imaginative (or—shall we say?—enchanted) effort of Mr. Moore's; within their limits as good as all his work, if we except one or two most naïve concessions to rhyme in "Leaf-land." The poems, the paper, the decoration and the binding of the volume should teach children a scrupulous affection for books.

There is an odd contrast with "The Little School" in E. Nesbit's verses to and for children in "The Rainbow and the Rose." They are full of clever things in the conventional condescending mood which ought not to succeed, but unquestionably does. For the rest, E. Nesbit is not a poet, not a minor poet, not even an exquisite maker of verse; but all that an able woman who is not these can do by means of verse, she can do. She uses verse as a rhetorical aid to the effectiveness of her thought, and it is wonderful how well verse serves her. Hardly anything of hers could be imagined in prose; which we take to be proof of her perfect command over the superficial qualities of verse, and its neatness, brevity, and emphasis, and so on. Rarely, she falls into the jargon of minor poetry. In short, her work is that insidious thing which makes the contemner of poetry think better of his contempt for a while. She is so intelligible, so informing,

so sensible, so sincere, and yet so poetical—we can hear plain men and women saying it.

Mr. Harrold Johnson is, for the time being, of the same rank as E. Nesbit, though without her nimbleness and versatility. He used verse in his "Roadmakers," as a modern Welsh preacher sometimes uses the *hwyl*, almost deliberately to add glamour or severity to his thought. He showed that he could write a hymn, an exhortation, a tract in verse, and he did not soil his medium thereby. But in the "ballads and verses" of this volume we can only admire his self-sacrifice in using, for unknown reason, certain simple measures with some delicacy, some temerity, and an approach—an approach—to Cowper's charm.

In the author of "The Mind Birth," we admit a capacity for giving us sermons in bricks. He is annoyed by men's devotion to the ideas of Deity and Immortality, which, he thinks, should have been buried by the early generations who found a use for them, instead of being taken as a legacy by enlightened later ages; he offers advice. If an Ethical Society wished for something to replace the "Rubaiyat," it should be pleased with "The Mind Birth."

It is not easy to detect the charm which informs Mr. Victor Plarr's not at all coherent or epical narrative of the tragedy of Asgard, from the death of Balder to his return, with Widar and Wali, Magni and Modi and Mjolnir, after the fall of the gods, the universal darkness and the reign of evil: yet charm there is; and we think it may be said to reside in the *naïveté*, mingled with ingenuity and self-consciousness, which allows us to see the author's mind and his subject quite apart from one another. The vein of elegiac autobiography in "Paradise Lost" may have suggested it to him. But, however that may be, we are nearly always aware not only of the gods, but of Mr. Plarr's reading, his experience, in strange and agreeable anachronistic company with the gods. The verse is not remarkable: yet it is full of pleasing reminiscences, and, not only in the excellent digressions and fancies with which the poem blossoms, it has a quality which leads us comfortably on through eighty pages.

Mr. Cyril Emra writes minor poetry with sweetness and dignity. "Like trampled snow her froth-strewn wake" (of a ship) is good: so is the thought that, when a star shot through a silent night,

"it seemed

There should have been some gentle sound."

He can write, too, with point, though not with brevity, as in "Heredity" and "The Sentimentalist." He can make the commonplace ornate, as in "Eheu Fugaces." He can make a picture, as in the opening of "When Tristram to Tintagel came." But as a rule he has the appearance of one who has a choice livery with which he can clothe anything with ease. His poetry is not so much made by his subjects and their needs, as his subjects are repressed to allow for the exercise of certain preferences in the matter of versification. That, we believe, is the essential weakness of the minor poet. It is characteristic of Mr. Gibson and swamps his undoubted observation, magical sentiment, pathos and grace.

PROVERBIAL TOPOGRAPHY

POPULAR sayings relating to localities are common enough in most countries, but there is none so universally known as "See Naples and die." The words are occasionally applied to Rome and to other towns, but these are usurpers. There are rival phrases, such as "He who has not seen Paris has seen nothing," and "Who has not been in Seville has never yet seen a wonder," but they are simply barefaced imitations. To Naples alone belongs the original glory of constituting the triumph of human aspirations, and it is nothing against it, as such things go, that

it does not nowadays deserve the honour quite so much as it used to deserve it.

Any one who approaches Naples by train (as the majority of people at the present day do approach it), and enters the town from the railway-station, can hardly fail to be struck by the fact that the old saying is either peculiarly inappropriate or peculiarly ironical. Seen from this aspect, Naples appears singularly undesirable as a place to die in. The dictum is, of course, a survival. It is not that Naples is no longer picturesque, but that it is no longer wholly picturesque. Nature decreed it beautiful, but Time has not worked wholeheartedly as her assistant, for modern civilisation has added ugliness. Nowadays Naples is beautiful only from a distance.

"Vedi Napoli e poi mori," then, is rather out of date, but in that it is at one with nearly all topographical proverbs. A good many place-phrases are unimpeachable merely because they are colourless. "Dresden, the Florence of Germany," "Smyrna, the Paris of the Levant," "Scio, the Flower of the Levant," and so on, probably mean as much to-day as they ever did mean (which is very little), but it is not difficult to recall numbers of such phrases which, together with that concerning Naples, have outlived the truth. The people of Lombardy, for instance, used to ascribe to Genoa "Men without faith, women without virtue, sea without fish, and hills without trees." This to-day has scarcely the merest glimmering of veracity, whatever it had once. Genoa's hills are not very verdant, but the rest is sheer libel, in which one seems to detect the jealousy of a neighbouring state. The traditions of the town of Valentia are equally misleading, if you take them separately, but here it is possible to strike a balance which brings the account tolerably close to fact. According to one authority: "When the curse was laid upon the earth, Heaven excepted the five miles round Valentia," and according to others: "Valentia is full of everything but substance," and "The meat is grass, the grass water, the men women, and the women nothing." If strife be, as some believe, the food of prosperity, Valentia may well prosper, as it does, amid the conflict of two such reputations. Madrid, again, has two contending traditions. The first breathes the spirit that equipped the Armada, and smacks of the sixteenth century. "Where Madrid is," it runs, "let the world be silent." The second is more chastened. It seems to date from a period a little later than the Armada. "He who likes thee," it says, "does not know thee. He who knows thee does not like thee." Neither describes Madrid, as we know it, very accurately, though the second is nearer the mark than the first.

There are other typographical proverbs in this category for which no modern advocate could make a case. Not even an Oriental endowed with the most perfect vocabulary of high-flown compliment could describe Ispahan as "Half the World," Khorassan as "The Sword of Persia," or Shiraz as "The Gate of Science." And if Algiers still called itself "The Warlike" and "The Conquering," more than one European country would want to know the reason why. Yet these were once its recognised titles, and it was current that "If Algiers were at peace with all the world, its inhabitants would die of hunger." Benares, again, used to be described as "The Lotus-Tree of the World," because it was always pleasant to reside there. That cannot be claimed for it now.

It will be noticed that the changes which time has brought about in the places described by these traditions have generally been on the side of deterioration, and this is the case with almost all topographical traditions. It is chiefly in this, curiously enough, that the place-lore of Great Britain differs from that of foreign countries. There are one or two instances of a tradition condemnatory of foreign towns being falsified. At Cologne, for example, one does not count to-day the "two and seventy stenchies, all well defined with several stinks," which troubled the sensitive Coleridge. But such cases are rare abroad. At home, on the contrary, they are rather the rule than the

exception. Our towns have on the whole either outgrown bad reputations, or lived up to good ones. Indeed, there are some descriptive traditions that sound like rank-slander in modern ears. An old book on the rural suburbs of London mentions "Long, lean, lousy, lazy, lanky Lewisham," and that is, to say the least, no longer apt. Probably it never was. The sentence reads as though its author, like Flaubert, had more regard for sound than for sense. And it is possible that the same explanation may account for the rhyme on Newry:

"High church and low steeple,
Dirty streets and proud people."

At any rate, the people of Newry have so far improved that they are not particularly remarkable for their pride, or for their dirty streets. And take this rhyme on the English counties:

"Derbyshire for lead, Devonshire for tin,
Wiltshire for plains, Middlesex for sin,
Cheshire for men, Berkshire for dogs,
Bedfordshire for flesh, and Lincolnshire for hogs."

The few discrepancies between the state of things here indicated and the present point mainly to improvement. Cheshire, for instance, cannot be singled out as the only county which produces men, and the sin of Middlesex, which was doubtless connected with the fact that most criminals were executed in London, is no longer peculiarly noticeable. Middlesex is to-day no more sinful than Gloucestershire, whose former piety (measured by the number of its monasteries) gave rise to the saying, "As sure as God's in Gloster." "Berkshire for dogs," however, has very little meaning nowadays, unless we count as coming from the county Mr. Punch's gay dog Toby, M.P. for Barks. Take, again, the lines, attributed to Shakespeare, which refer to a part of Gloucestershire not many miles from Stratford-on-Avon:

"Dirty Gretton, dingy Greet,
Beggary Winchcomb, Sudely sweet;
Hartshorn and Wittington Bell,
Andoversford and Merry Frog Mill."

The first three epithets would no longer be considered very felicitous, though possibly, on the other hand, "merry," in the last line, is equally far from the truth. The improvement, however, outweighs the deterioration. Greet has been supposed to be the "Greece" where dwelt old John Naps, the tavern friend of Christopher Sly; the lines have the honour of being quoted by Mr. Sidney Lee in a footnote to his account of *The Taming of the Shrew*. Mr. Lee does not quote four lines, also attributed by tradition (at any rate since the middle of the eighteenth century) to Shakespeare, concerning a number of villages or hamlets all within a walk of Stratford-on-Avon:

"Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hillborough, hungry Grafton,
Dodging Exhall, Papish Wixford,
Beggary Broom and drunken Bidford."

Shakespeare, probably, had as little to do with the making of the one quatrain as with that of the other; but the epithets in the second are interesting. "Piping" might mean piping hot, but more probably refers to the playing of the pipes; "dancing" Marston was famous for its morris-dancers, and still has a maypole. The house once haunted may still be seen at Hillborough. "Dodging" Exhall is still very hard to find, though perhaps the word is really "dudging," and refers to the temper of its inhabitants. But Grafton is no longer "hungry," Wixford has a beautiful little church, but is probably no more "papish" than other places; Broom, which has a railway-station, is too busy to be beggarly; and Bidford . . . report says that Shakespeare used to drink too at the Falcon, and, indeed, that he composed the verses after a debauch there; but that was three hundred years ago.

Another instance is the little rhyme quoted by Mr. A. E. Housman in "A Shropshire Lad":

"Clunton and Clunbury,
Clungunford and Clun,
Are the quietest places
Under the sun."

That is to claim a good deal for the Clun Valley hamlets, but for all one can tell they may be still the quietest places under the sun. If not, they have the distinction of being among the very few examples of British localities which have not maintained their traditions, or left them behind. Kilkenny is the only other that comes to mind at the moment. But Kilkenny is something of a mystery. One suspects that it was purely the Irish genius for flattery which inspired the statement that that town has "Fire without smoke, air without fog, water without mud, few women without beauty, and a town paved with marble." And yet, though this reads like Irish flattery which never had any real truth in it at all, at all, one cannot help thinking that a genuine Irishman would not have qualified the remark about the women. He would have said "no woman without beauty," or left it out altogether. Irishmen are not accustomed to mince such matters.

"Dublin's fair city,
Where the girls are so pretty,"

is the classical example.

We make no pretence to have exhausted the subject of Proverbial Topography. Every country must have scores of such sayings and verses as we have quoted, which, though rhyme and alliteration have doubtless gone for much in the making of them, may nevertheless enshrine a certain amount of genuine history; and the study of them has not yet received the attention it deserves.

THE RAPE OF EUROPA

RAIN-WREATHED Venice! A mist of grey
Shivering wearily through the air,
Cold drops lashing the water-way,
Chill damps clinging to arch and stair;
Wet winds wailing a low despair
As the muffled bells ring in the day.

Out of the misery I go,
Passing quickly the palace gate,
Leaving the wind-swept rain below
Like a far-forgotten, unhappy fate;
I climb, I climb where the sunbeams wait
Wrought in an everlasting glow.

Wrought by the mighty Veronese
With brushes dipped in a flame of fire—
The light of the skies, the shine of the seas,
The passion of joys that can never tire:
Possession—the spur of the world's desire,
The pride of effort, the rapture of ease.

Joy, joy in a wealth he flung
Upon his canvas—the joy of the earth!
The joy of life when the gods were young
And the world lay shimmering—fresh from the
birth;
A world with no shadow of future dearth,
With fears undreamt of and woes unsung.

To the cold, wet skies, I turn once more
Leaving that sun-lit scene behind:
But the rain and the mist go lightly o'er
For a gleam of gold in the grey I find,
A glad voice sings in the sobbing wind—
"Earth changes, but Art lives evermore!"

MARY BRADFORD WHITING.

A LITERARY CAUSERIE

LAUDATA A LAUDATIS VIRIS

IN a paper on Matthew Arnold's essay "On Translating Homer" in a recent number of the ACADEMY I called attention to a prominent feature in the art and method of that luminous and stimulating critic—his tendency to cull from the great poets isolated lines or half-lines and to seek to distil from them the quintessence of their beauty and power. It may be interesting to advert to a few of the passages in great poets which have had a peculiar charm for Arnold and other eminent lovers of the beautiful in poetry. The quality Arnold finds most essential to the grand style is absolute simplicity, the complete absence of any apparent desire to make an effect. He gives in the essay to which we have referred (p. 86) four eminent specimens of the grand style:

"For example when Homer says (Il. xxi. 106):

"Be content, good friend, die also thou! Why lamentest thou thyself on this wise? Patroclus too died, who was far better than thou;"

"that is in the grand style. When Virgil says (Aen. xii. 435):

"From me, young man, learn nobleness of soul and true effort: learn success from others;"

"that is in the grand style. When Dante says (Hell. xvi. 61):

"I leave the gall of bitterness, and I go for the apples of sweetness promised unto me by my faithful Guide; but far as the centre it behoves me first to fall;"

"that is in the grand style. When Milton says (Par. L. i. 591):

"His form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appeared
Less than archangel ruined, and the excess
Of glory obscured;"

"that, finally, is in the grand style."

The quality common to these four passages is simplicity. The same is found in the passages cited by Arnold from modern poetry as Homeric in their loose simple grammar and phrasing: Shakespeare's "jump the life to come," "shuffle off this mortal coil," "his quietus make with a bare bodkin,"

"He's here in double trust:

First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed;"

and Gray's "left the warm precincts of the cheerful day."

Other favourite verses of Homer's often quoted by Arnold, and all exhibiting the same quality, are:

"The Fates have put in man a patient mind";

"For so have the Gods spun our destinies to us wretched mortals—that we should live in sorrow; but they themselves are without trouble";

"Nay, and thou too, old man, in times past wert, as we hear, happy."

Of the last he says: "in the original this line, for mingled pathos and dignity, is perhaps without a rival even in Homer." His passion for *insouciance* in poetry makes him dislike such lines as Tennyson's

"Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,"

and even expressions like

"He bared the knotted column of his throat."

A fine passage (Il. xxiv. 750-760), strangely not noticed by Arnold, has in it an amazingly "true touch of nature." Hecuba apostrophises the dead Hector:

"And when with his falchion he reft from thee thy life he sore mangled thee with dragging round the tomb of his dear comrade Patroclus, whom thou slewest, but for all that he brought not Patroclus back to life again."

The savage sense of gratified revenge which flashes out at the end of a deeply pathetic passage is only equalled by another outburst of feeling in the same matchless book where the same Queen says:

"Thus hath mighty Fate spun his lot for him at his birth when I bare him, that he should glut the dogs far from his fatherland, in the power of a man of violence: O would that I could clutch in my hands

his heart to devour it up, for no dastard he siew in my son, but a champion that stood for the men and women of Troy and thought not of fear or flinching."

If Arnold had drawn on the Odyssey for his illustrations, we feel sure he would have glorified the delightful scene (vi. 110 ff.) where Odysseus surprises Nausicaa playing at ball with her handmaids:

"So then the princess threw the ball at one of her handmaidens; but she missed the girl and sent the ball into the eddying stream: *whereat they all screamed out.*"

Just what girls would do in the present year of grace—so little does girl-nature change in the course of some three thousand years. Boys then as now would have made a better shot, and certainly would not have screamed.

Arnold's favourite passage in Shakespeare was the dying speech of Hamlet:

"O good Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

Ruskin had his keenest delight in the princely answer of Henry to the Dauphin's mockery in presenting a set of tennis balls to the King hitherto known only for his "barbarous license":

"We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us;
When we have match'd our racquets to these balls,
We will in France by God's grace play a set
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
Tell him he hath made a match with such a wrangler
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd
With chaces."

I will conclude these "favourite passages of eminent critics," which I have described in my title in familiar words taken from Nævius, with two judgments on Virgil. Macaulay thought the finest passage in Virgil was Ecl. viii. 37 ff., telling of a boy's love at first sight (Sir C. Bowen's trans.):

"'Twas in thy crofts I saw thee a girl thy mother beside,
Plucking the apples dewy, myself thy pilot and guide:
Years I had number'd eleven, the twelfth was beginning to run:
Scarce was I able to reach from the ground to the branches that
snapp'd,
Ah, when I saw how I perished—to fatal folly was rapt!"

Dryden goes into an ecstasy over the stately words in which Evander welcomes Aeneas to his humble palace (Thornhill's version):

"Dare thou as nobly too, my honour'd guest,
To spurn at pomp, and rivalling the god
Set in thy foot, nor scorn our poor estate."

"For my part," writes Dryden of the passage, "I am lost in the admiration of it. I condemn the world when I think of it, and myself when I translate it."

R. Y. TYRRELL.

[Next week's Causerie will be on "Children's Literature" by M. E. Francis.]

FICTION

Au Service de l'Allemagne. By MAURICE BARRÈS. (Paris: Arthème Fayard, 1f. 50.)

"WHAT shall be said of the Alsatian who, French at heart, serves under the German flag?" That is the problem that Maurice Barrès, one of the few novelists of talent who devote themselves to preaching, sets before his readers in this extremely able and attractive book. To the average Frenchman and the average Briton the answer is clear and short, and in the person of le Sourd, the young "Sportsman," who "ne peut pas supporter qu'on lui explique quoi que ce soit," such a person is introduced into this tale. The narrator and le Sourd are making together a motor trip in Lorraine, when, at an inn, they enter into

conversation with a young Alsatian, Monsieur Ehrmann, the hero, or rather the peg on which M. Barrès hangs his problem; for neither Ehrmann nor le Sourd are individuals, they are types of reflection and thoughtlessness, of nobility and commonplace; Ehrmann is as inevitably in the right as is the hero of a moral tale; he exists only to demonstrate that the highest duty of the Alsatian is to remain in Alsace with a French heart under his German uniform, keeping alight in the captive province the love of France, and behaving always in such a manner as shall make the name of Frenchman honoured and loved among the Germans. "If the French Alsations abandon Alsace the province must inevitably become German," pleads M. Barrès, and he has had the art to make young Ehrmann an Alsatian before all things. The doctor desires to see his province re-united to France, but he is French only as an Australian or a Canadian is English:

"J'ai voyagé plusieurs fois en France, disait-il. Tout m'y semble doux et civilisateur. J'y sens une constante supériorité. J'admire et je suis à l'école. Mais beaucoup de ces belles leçons ne peuvent pas me profiter. Ici, dans les promenades, que je fais pour la centième fois, je suis assailli par des discours qui sortent de la terre à l'adresse du jeune Paul Ehrmann. Tout m'importe en Alsace, les cultures, les usines, même les auberges. . . . Mais si je vais à Paris ou même à Nancy, on raille mon accent, et l'on m'en voudra peut-être parce qu'il a fallu caser ceux qui optaient pour la France. Ici je suis à ma place. J'ai déjà bien parcouru l'Alsace, et je sais parler aux gens de toutes les classes. En Alsace, mais en Alsace seulement, je puis, au hasard de ma route, aborder les petites gens; le suis sûr d'être des leurs; je prendrai même sur eux une certaine autorité. Mon père est beaucoup estimé dans le Haut-Rhin; j'ai des parents un peu partout; on connaît notre nom. Moi-même j'ai déjà commencé à rendre des services. Mon pays est un champ d'activité à ma taille."

Thus reasons M. Ehrmann; his loyalty is to Alsace rather than to France: fate forces him to abandon her to serve in the German Army, and he serves. Revolt is in his heart against this supreme humiliation, but he judges it nobler to accept it and to become in all legal sense a German rather than leave his country. The problem, ably posed, is extremely difficult; but can good come out of evil, truth out of falsehood, and loyalty of heart from treachery of act? Ehrmann is a *preux chevalier*: but after all he is the creation of a novelist, and young; we leave him at the close of his military service, and M. Barrès thus escapes the difficulties of the future social position of his hero. Nor are we told in what light his conduct is regarded by his uncles and cousins who are officers in France. "Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte," and though there may be here and there an Ehrmann so lofty and detached as to be able to separate one episode from his whole life, we cannot but think that from double dealing must result a servile character, or that the French Alsatian, thrown into constant contact with the German, will unconsciously become Germanised at heart. Ehrmann pleads that the Alsatian who "opts" for France is lost to his province:

"J'ai vu des familles s'acheminer en groupes à de certains jours vers Belfort, Bâle ou Nancy. 'Où allez-vous?' leur disait-on. 'Nous allons voir le fils qui a passé la frontière.' Deux années, trois années, cinq années on reste fidèle à ce pèlerinage, puis la vie efface les traits; on devient des étrangers."

These brief quotations show the charm of M. Barrès' style, yet the narration of his tale is less fascinating than are his exquisite descriptions of the melancholy landscape of Lorraine and the beautiful mountain of Sainte Odile. Himself a son of Lorraine, M. Barrès has the cause of the "captive provinces" much at heart and has spared no pains to make acceptable and attractive this plea for those of his compatriots who are German subjects. To understand it rightly, he tells us in a brief preface, we must know that it is a beginning and an episode to be followed by other episodes of the long tragedy now being played on the Rhine between Latinism and Germanism:

"Il peut arriver par telles ou telles vicissitudes de la politique, que des maîtres d'un sang étranger nous surmettent, mais il ne dépend point des vainqueurs que le sang du vaincu soit modifié."

So writes a Lorrain of French Lorraine. Born on the French side of the frontier, he is in a good position to plead the cause of those placed in a more difficult position. He brings to his task an eloquence that is almost genius, and has produced this first instalment of his series on "Les Bastiens de l'Est" in a form that must please every eye, and, at the modest price of one franc fifty, thus placing it within the reach of all save the very poor. The numerous illustrations after water-colour drawings by M. Georges Conrad, the clear type and good paper, show a solidarity of purpose in all engaged in the production of a work that poses a problem which we, as Englishmen, do not presume to answer, though no man of whatever country can ignore its interest and its importance. "Au Service de l'Allemagne" will be widely read on both sides the Rhine and must surely give rise to much debate and discussion; it is long since any popular work of such high and universal interest has appeared in France.

Knock at a Venture. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS volume contains ten tales of Dartmoor, and all are delightful reading. The first story, which runs through a third of the volume, is the best in the collection. The setting of the tale, the moulding of the characters from the clay to the last turn of the potter's wheel, the gradual unfolding of the passions of love and jealousy that vibrate through the story, are admirably done. One or two scenes are so strangely moving that the reader is for the time quite fascinated by them. This absorbing interest is not the outcome of startling incidents; the tale is one of clashing emotions and primitive passions, rising and falling yet always increasing in intensity to the tragic end. Two other well-told tales show how, in different circumstances, love and the world went wrong with the better man. There is a humorous smuggling yarn; another in which a century-old type of villain brings about a terrible situation. "Corban," an animated little sketch, with a foundation of good feeling, tells how the happiness of three households was all but wrecked by the independent conduct of a cat. The remaining stories are not much beyond incidents that lead to amusing talk and the airing of shrewd opinions on life in general by the Dartmoor rustic. One of the chief pleasures afforded by Mr. Eden Phillpotts' Dartmoor stories is the manner in which they are told. The Devon tongue is rich in quaint words and expressive phrases; the eye is arrested, the mind delighted, by some unexpected turn of a sentence, a line of vivid description, a direct and simple expression of strong feeling that appeals to the imagination. Dartmoor and Dartmoor folk, here as ever, lose nothing of their charm in Mr. Eden Phillpotts' hands, and it is no matter of regret that in these tales the mood of moor and men is less wild and gloomy than we have sometimes found it.

A Tragedy in Commonplace. By M. URQUHART. (Methuen, 6s.)

THIS is the tragedy of a woman who in spite of her religious preoccupation could never rise above the petty sins and troubles of earth. The words of the Bible were on her lips, the precepts of her Church were in her mind, yet she cast the better part away. We began by being sorry for Sophia. Of course, a conscientious woman without a grain of humour is an exasperating mate; but so is a husband who refuses to consider ways and means. It was the woman who had to bear the brunt of the struggle with poverty year after year, and who had to bring up six children without much help from their father. Yet it was the father who gained their love. The story is cruelly true to life and will not please those who ask for fairy tales. Every one knows women whose fates are touched by Sophia's tragedy: women whose devotion to house affairs makes them squalid of soul and whose habit of fault-finding has become a disease. Sophia, without knowing it, threw away the great things of life for the small; threw away the love of her husband and children and kept the

front hall tidy. Many women in their folly run that risk, but happily most have some saving warmth of nature that carries them past the dangerous places. The miserable, life-long feud between Sophia and her only girl is surely not a common tragedy, and in Sophia's conduct of it she sank to rare depths of cold, vindictive dislike. That is why in the end we lose all sympathy with Sophia. Her behaviour to Joan is unpardonable. Yet the author takes us over the years slowly and shows us the gradual demoralisation of the narrow-minded woman. The story is well written and well told. If it is a first one, it is of considerable promise. Maturer work will probably display a greater patience with our imperfect human nature. Joan herself, after suffering from her mother's want of sympathy, might have written this novel as it stands.

The Exploits of Joe Salis. By WILLIAM GREENER. (Hurst & Blackett, 6s.)

THE exploits of Joe Salis, a British spy, have provided Mr. Greener with matter for a singularly dull and vapid novel. Its pages are studded with phrases which, though they necessitate a lengthy appendix for their elucidation, do not convince us, as apparently they are intended to convince us, of Mr. Greener's knowledge of things Oriental; and since the book is not written in Chinese or Japanese we see no adequate reason for their introduction. Doubtless Mr. Greener imagined they would supply the necessary "local colour"; we differ (in Jowett's phrase) too much to criticise; and a number of attempts to reproduce in English the precise terms of address employed by Orientals leaves us with a mind confused and physically as exhausted as we might have been after several weeks in the trenches before Port Arthur. Forced to read this

"stupendous
And tremendous (Heaven defend us!)
Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous,
Demoniac-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic,"

we can sympathise with Browning. Mr. Greener misquotes Wordsworth.

FINE ART

FROM TURNER TO COROT

It can hardly have escaped the observation of the student of contemporary happenings that, while the lower orders—of intellect, be it understood—extend their patronage to fiction and the theatre for the sake of excitement, the upper classes have recourse to pictures chiefly, if not solely, for repose. Certainly, of all the virtues to be found in the realm of painting there is none more sought after or more highly praised to-day than that of tranquillity, and the present appreciation of the landscape—an appreciation wider and keener than this branch of art has ever before secured—springs in all likelihood far more from this general desire on the part of all persons of refinement than from any theoretical sympathy with the art bred by the writings of Ruskin and the works of J. M. W. Turner. Indeed, the qualities in which Turner excelled are not such as truly appeal to the modern connoisseur, who, while recognising his power and acknowledging the high excellence and wide range of his genius, nevertheless is apt to find his actual works rather overpowering. That dramatic force and wild, often unrestrained, freedom which secured for Turner the passionate admiration of Ruskin and his contemporaries, are apt to prove disturbing, almost a source of uneasiness, to a generation taking its æsthetic pleasures calmly, if not sadly. As objects to be seen occasionally in a public gallery, *Rain, Steam and Speed* and *The Approach to Venice* are sure of our respect and even affectionate regard, but to live with them would be exhausting to most of us, would make demands on our reserve of energy that few would

care continually to meet. Heretical though these opinions may sound, they have long ago been silently confirmed in the open market by collectors of deservedly high reputation: and, without going so far as to agree with a Japanese critic who sorrowfully dismissed Turner as being melodramatic and often lacking in refinement, many will have the courage to admit that the stir and lack of repose in many of Turner's works are not negligible as justifications of a preference for the sylvan bowers of Corot and the pastorals of Mauve.

Notwithstanding the present vogue of Barbizon and Modern Dutch works among collectors of refinement, it would be a grievous error hastily to exalt the leaders of these two schools over Claude and Turner, who must ever be regarded as the pioneers of landscape painting. No one will deny that the art of these younger painters is more limited and less ambitious in aim; but within its limitations it has succeeded most wonderfully in meeting the need of the present generation, a need, that is to say, not of being roused, but of being soothed. Welcome as the shade of an oasis to the scorched traveller of the desert are the subdued colours of these twilight scenes to the weary battlers with the hurly-burly of life. Limited though they be, these Corots, Daubignys and Marises breathe forth a spirit of serene calm that has never been surpassed in art, and if the painters have "confined themselves to some few aspects of nature" their triumph is the greater in that they have endowed the few with variety instead of multiplying monotony among many.

"Sometimes," writes Pater, "a momentary tint of stormy light may invest a homely or too familiar scene with a character which might well have been drawn from the deep places of the imagination. Then we might say that this particular effect of light, this sudden inweaving of gold thread through the texture of the haystack, and the poplars, and the grass, gives the scene artistic qualities; that it is like a picture. And such tricks of circumstance are commonest in landscape which has little salient character of its own; because, in such scenery, all the material details are so easily absorbed by that informing expression of passing light, and elevated, throughout their whole extent, to a new and delightful effect by it. And hence the superiority, for most conditions of the picturesque, of a riverside in France to a Swiss valley, because, on the French riverside, mere topography, the simple material, counts for so little, and, all being so pure, untouched, and tranquil in itself, mere light and shade have such easy work in modulating it to one dominant tone."

Although neither the men of 1830 nor their Dutch followers were so deeply occupied with problems of light as Turner and his successors, the French Impressionists, yet with them, as with Manet, the light is the principal person in the picture, and it was their ability to seize and record some transfiguring moment which has given to their homely subjects that quasi-imaginative charm to which Pater alludes. "A landscape," said Mr. Clausen in one of his lectures to the Academy students, "should not be so much an inventory as a transcript or translation of a mood of nature." Corot and his comrades took no inventory of the forest of Fontainebleau or any part of it; it was their mission to translate into paint certain moods of nature; moods, it must be admitted, which were close akin; moods which indicated nature's love of the weary, her gifts of silence to the dinning ear, of soft refreshing verdure to the jaded eye, of merciful mists to veil her secrets from agonised curiosity; moods which, by very reason of their calm inscrutability, have an irresistible appeal as havens of rest to the modern mind weary of futile inquiry.

It was thus left to the painters of Barbizon to show us, in a humble and unpretentious manner, a side of nature which Turner rarely stopped to dwell upon. The great Englishman put us almost in awe of nature; in organ-like tones he pealed forth "the majesty of cloud and mountain form, and the sublimity of immeasurable space." Man was dwarfed into insignificance by this presentment of nature as a splendid, somewhat stern and altogether unapproachable father. In reminding us that the whole is greater than the part, that man's place in the universe is more fitly represented by a "landscape with figures" than a "Portrait of a Gentleman with landscape background," the art of Turner effected a much-needed

revolution in previous estimates of the rank of landscape painting. The whole history of landscape painting has been the long struggle of nature to be rid of the presence of man. Creeping her way into art through the windows and open doors of man's buildings, nature slowly and painfully stretched herself across the background, meekly allowing herself the while to be made a common drudge, a convenience wherewith to fill up awkward gaps between figures. Then through the centuries she dragged herself forward, occupied the centre of the stage and drove the figures to the side. But still the figures remained. Turner himself could not altogether get rid of them, and as if enraged at their importunate presence, like Claude "he set the sun in the heavens" and against its glory and majesty he grimly set man's puny figure, insignificant and cowed but still tenacious, ineradicable. Then the sun set, and in the twilight there came forth Corot, with whom the landscape, Cinderella of painting, threw off man's presence as discarded rags and stood forth, no longer the drudge, but a veritable princess, reigning in her own right. And, as mercy becomes the princess no less than the woman, the first use she made of her power was to forgive man for his trespasses against her, and soothing him like a tired child revealed nature no longer as the awesome, all-powerful Father but the gentle, all-pitying Mother of mankind.

THE OLD PLATE OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

UNDER the title of "English Goldsmiths and Their Marks" (Macmillan, £2 2s.) Mr. Charles James Jackson, F.S.A., sets forth upon the redoubtable task of giving a history of the goldsmiths and plateworkers of England, Scotland and Ireland, and adds thereto 11,000 marks reproduced in *facsimile*, as he says, from authentic examples of plate. To these items are appended tables of dates, letters and other hall-marks employed in the assay offices of the United Kingdom. In the result we have a volume which we feel sure is a monument of the author's happiness in the pursuit of his hobby and, at the same time, a work of accuracy and great technical value. For seventeen years Mr. Jackson, following to some extent upon the lines of Mr. Cripps and Mr. Chaffers, has sought far and wide for the less-known goldsmiths and their marks, with the result that collectors and dealers will now be able to locate and fix the dates of many British pieces which have hitherto evaded the writers on the subject. The author begs that, if the reader should find any marks on English plate not represented in this work or appearing to be different from any illustrated therein, he will communicate his information. This appeal should bring Mr. Jackson many correspondents, since it has been his custom to take actual pieces of plate from which to reproduce the marks, and thus many slightly different from those he gives could be found. This is of small importance. As a whole the volume is full and valuable, especially in regard to the Irish marks, to which especial attention has been paid.

To the casual reader the title "English Goldsmiths and their Marks" may hardly imply, as it strictly does, all the silversmiths of Great Britain, but then the author's appeal is always to the informed collector, the acute dealer, or the intelligent student. At the first glance this last, after long being accustomed to the simplicities of Mr. Cripps or Mr. Chaffers, may find the arrangement of Mr. Jackson's marks slightly confusing; but familiarity with the descriptive chapters which the author provides will dispel all traces of perplexity, and leave the student informed and inspired for a longer and more severe quest of his particular grail.

The main issue in such an elaborate and conscientious work as this lies in connection with Mr. Jackson's reproduction of the actual marks on pieces. To this department of his work he has devoted infinite pains, with results that are, in many ways, a notable advance on those of the handbooks which have preceded this publication.

Each set of marks, he explains, has been taken from an authentic piece of plate; and he adds, in effect, that the plan generally adopted has been to take an impression in very fine sealing-wax from the marks on the plate and then from the impression to take a cast in the finest plaster of Paris, whereby the marks are reproduced as in the original. The depressed parts in each mark are then darkened with colouring-matter and the raised parts left white. The next steps are the enlargement of the marks by photography, the "fixing" of the dark parts of the marks and the bleaching of the light, and the making good of imperfections. These marks, again by photography, are reduced so that they shall, when printed, be about the same size as the originals. Then, with a photographic film on a zinc plate, each cycle is separately etched, compared with the originals, and finished with the graver. This elaborate and costly method, which eventually produces the marks in white on black, whereas the reverse has hitherto been the general rule, has here and there a defect of its quality.

With the view of testing Mr. Jackson's labours as severely as his efforts deserve, we have, in some few cases, compared his printed marks with specimens of plate of the marks and periods he produces. For instance, we have closely examined, with the aid of some admirable examples in the collection of Dr. Jobson Horne, the peculiar letters of the Queen Anne period on London plate with those given in this book. The result is that in some particulars the skill and care of the author shine more fully forth. But there are points, in a sense meticulous and slight but important to the would-be collector, which are faulty. In the 1707-8 Queen Anne specimen, the original M, for example, has far more refinement than Mr. Jackson's drawing shows, and in certain provincial marks, such as Exeter (1718-19) and Newcastle (1785), there are portions of the marks which are far bolder in those original specimens which we have had the advantage of handling than in the printed mark. In the period of higher standard silver the marks have, of course, often greatly suffered, and where this is so, broadly speaking, the redrawing of the design is often done in such a way that at the first glance, although the original piece may be before you, there is some slight difficulty in recognising the period and place. But, after all, these are small matters; the work as a whole is, at once, highly interesting and written with authority.

It should be mentioned that this important volume may be considered as a forerunner of another work on the history of English plate, which, we believe, Mr. Jackson has in hand, and towards the publication of which we look forward with pleasure, as it should deal more fully with the æsthetic side of the matter. Knowing as we do his excellent technical knowledge of English plate, we shall welcome the author's enfranchisement from the consideration of the dry bones of the subject to its expression in beautiful examples of smiths' work. The present book has two pleasing illustrations, one of the "Vintners" salt (1569), and one of the very interesting two-handed cup by Bekegle (1697), which is now in the possession of the author; these two reproductions alone incline us to congratulate Mr. Jackson on his further undertaking, and to hope that its accomplishment may not be long delayed.

MUSIC

PIONEER MUSICIANS—IV

FROM the consideration of the pioneers of the three greatest periods in the art of music, those which culminated in Palestrina, Bach and Beethoven respectively, it is pleasant to turn aside into a byway, to consider the works of one who, while his individuality was unmistakable, lived out his life without making any very appreciable

impression on the course which the art should follow. Henry Lawes, the English song-writer, was born in 1595, and lived until 1662, so that he followed immediately upon the most vigorous period of English music, exemplified in the madrigal composers of the sixteenth century, and he was the somewhat younger contemporary of such men as Byrde, Dowland, and Orlando Gibbons. He is now chiefly known through Milton's sonnet written in his praise, beginning:

"Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent";

and his music to Milton's mask of "Comus" is occasionally revived. But Milton, though the greatest, was by no means the only poet who had a word to say in his praise; Robert Herrick, some of whose lyrics Lawes set to music, made a characteristic epigram about him, and at the beginning of each volume of his "Ayres and Dialogues," Lawes published a number of eulogistic verses by minor poets of his day.

It is to Lawes as revealed in these publications that I wish to draw attention. Probably those who have heard the "Comus" music sung and have read Milton's sonnet, have experienced surprise at the apparent extravagance of Milton's words, and it is certainly true that his prophecies of lasting fame have not been realised. Not only have the "Ayres" not lived in the popular sense, but such grave and learned critics as Burney and Hawkins have taken occasion to condemn Lawes for lack of musicianship. Yet if we take the trouble to examine the three books of "Ayres and Dialogues" we find that, in the words I have quoted, Milton exactly hit the mark and showed what was the superiority of Lawes over his fellows. Poets have had, and still have much to suffer at the hands of the musicians who do them the honour of setting their poems. In the time of the madrigal writers mentioned above, they had often to hear their words endlessly repeated without reference to the form of the poem, and smothered in a mass of contrapuntal contrivance. Later, in the time of Purcell and onward, they were to suffer violence on behalf of the supposed needs of musical form and the singer's need for ornamental runs and trills. But Lawes stood between these two schools. He gave up all contrapuntal device, and wrote for the most part for a single voice, and he had not come to consider the larger needs of musical form, so that the voice was left entirely free to concern itself with the expression of the words. The result was somewhat akin to the recitative of Carissimi; a free declamation, which only became an air when the words seemed to the composer to demand it. Often to one trained to appreciate the definiteness of figure and rhythm, which is so essential a feature of modern music, the wandering melody of Lawes becomes wearisome, since, save for a bass, there is no accompaniment to redeem it. But it is easy to realise how dear this simple type of composition was to the poet's heart. Tennyson, who hated to have his poems set to music, might have hailed it joyfully: even Mr. W. B. Yeats, who recommends "speaking to the psalter," would approve it. I am inclined to think that Lawes was himself more poet than musician. His portrait, of which there is a fine engraving in the original edition of his "Ayres and Dialogues," bespeaks it, and the preface in which he set forth his principles of song-writing bears it out. He was also a man of wit as the following extract, which I cannot forbear to quote, from the same preface, shows:

"But this generation is so sated with what's native, that nothing takes their ears but what's sung in a language, which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the music. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humour, I took a table or index of old Italian songs (for one, two and three voices) and this index (which read together made a strange medley of nonsense) I set to a varied ayre and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian song."

One would be more prepared to sit in judgment with Hawkins and Burney and condemn this vague type of

composition, were it all that the composer could achieve; but, where in his opinion it suited well with the words, Lawes could write as sweet and concise a tune as one might wish to meet with. When he does so, it is generally in triple time, the strong natural accent of this rhythm helping him towards definiteness of form, whereas in his declamatory songs he uses quadruple time. One of the most charming of his tunes is "The Surprize," of which the following is the first stanza:

"Careless of love and free from fears
I gaz'd and gaz'd on Stella's eyes,
Thinking my reason or my years
Might keep me safe from all surprize."

The words naturally fall into a simple rhythm, and each stanza—there are five—is sung to the same little tune of sixteen bars in ballad fashion.

Another tune, no less delightful, is that given to Carew's words: "He that loves a rosy cheek." To us this tune is especially fresh-sounding, since it is strongly reminiscent of the old church modes. It is apparently in the key of G, though written without signature, and the alternation between F natural and F sharp is piquant in effect. One might go through these books and pick out sufficient tunes to entirely refute all charge of vagueness of mind. Lawes undoubtedly knew quite well when he was writing a good tune, and when merely declaiming the words with expressive inflections. That he so frequently and deliberately adopted the second course was due to his conviction that no other plan would give due effect to the words. Lawes had, in fact, many of the qualities which made Schubert at the beginning of the nineteenth century the greatest song-writer the world had yet seen, but it was impossible for him at the beginning of the seventeenth century to use them with such effect. If one looks only at the voice part of one of Lawes' songs, one cannot fail to be struck by its modern appearance. His habit of distorting the melodic outline to give "just note and accent" to important syllables, and that of beginning on the unaccented part of the bar to avoid an accent on an unimportant word, belong far more to the song-writers of the nineteenth century than to those of the seventeenth. With Schubert it was the form of the poem entirely that suggested the form of the music; and so it was with Lawes, only that his date made it impossible for him to apply to that end the infinite resources of accompaniment, rhythm, harmony and modulation, which Schubert brought to bear upon it. I cannot help thinking that here, if anywhere, we have a musical analogy to that inventor of steam-engines who, just at the time Lawes wrote, was speculating on the possibility of moving objects from one place to another by means of steam, but whose speculations bore no fruit till nigh two centuries later. It was impossible to adopt Lawes' plan of "just note and accent" and work it into a complete work of musical art until the composer's technique had become matured; but nevertheless he had made a great and a true discovery, and he had learnt a lesson which few composers of the present day have assimilated so perfectly.

H. C. C.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ART.

Paston, George. *Old Coloured Books*. With sixteen coloured plates. Methuen, 2s. net.

EDUCATION.

Jones, E. E. Constance. *A Primer of Logic*. Murray, 1s. 6d.
Lubovius, Louis. *A Practical German Grammar Reader and Writer*. Part I.—Elementary. Blackwood, 2s.

FICTION.

"Q" (A. T. Quiller-Couch). *Shakespeare's Christmas*. Smith, Elder, 6s.
Reed, Myrtle. *At the Sign of the Jack o' Lantern*. Putnam's, 6s.
Hume, Fergus. *Lady Jim of Curzon Street*. Werner Laurie, 6s.
Phillips, David Graham. *The Cost*. Werner Laurie, 6s.
Bagot, Richard. *The Passport*. Methuen, 6s.
White, Percy. *The Patient Man*. Methuen, 6s.
Gibson, L. S. *The Freemasons*. Chatto & Windus, 6s.
Haverfield, E. L. *Because of Jock*. Allen, 6s.
Sherwood, A. Curtis. *Tongues of Gossip*. Unwin, 6s.

Bottoms, Phyllis. *Raw Material*. Some characters and episodes among working lads. Murray, 6s.
 Grey, Rowland. *Green Cliffs: a novel*. Hutchinson, 6s.
 Tales from the Great City: *A London Girl*. Alston Rivers, 3s. 6d.
 Munro, Neil. *Doom Castle*. New Edition. Blackwood, 3s. 6d.

GARDENING.

Thomas, Rose Haig. *Stone Gardens*. With practical hints on planting and paving, thirteen original designs, and a plan of the Vestal Virgin's Atrium in Rome. Simpkin, Marshall, 7s. 6d. net.

LITERATURE AND LANGUAGES.

Chotzner, J., Ph.D. *Hebrew Humour, and other Essays*. Luzac, 5s. net.
Brani Inediti dei Promessi Sposi di Alessandro Manzoni. Per cura di Giovanni Sforza. Parte I, Parte II; seconda edizione accresciuta. Milano: Ulrico Hoepli.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Last Records of a Cotswold Community. Being the Weston Subedge Field Account-book for the final twenty-six years of the famous Cotswold games. Edited, with a study of the old-time sports of Campden and the village community of Weston, by C. R. Ashbee. Essex House Press, 4s. 1s.
Leather for Libraries. By E. Wyndham Hulme, J. Gordon Parker, A. Seymour-Jones, Cyril Davenport, and F. J. Williamson. With six specimens of leather. Published for the Sound Leather Committee of the Library Association by the Library Supply Co., 1s. 6d. net.
The Jewish Literary Annual, 1905. Published for the Union of Jewish Literary Societies by A. M. Hyamson, 1s. net.
Greta Green and its Traditions. By "Claverhouse." Paisley: Gardner.
 Payn, F. W. *Lifting the Veil*. With other lawn-tennis sketches. Long, 6d.
The Brassworkers of Berlin and of Birmingham. A comparison. Joint report of R. H. Best, W. J. Davis and C. Perks. P. S. King, 2s. net.
 Bodie, Walford. *The Bodie Book*. The Caxton Press, 2s. 6d.

POETRY.

The Pilgrim of India. A poem in four cantos. Skeffington, 3s. 6d. net.
 Rickards, Marcus S. C. *Poems New and Old*. 4s. 6d. net.

REPRINTS.

The Novels of the Sisters Brontë: *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall* and *Agnes Grey*. Two vols. Dent, 2s. 6d. net each.
Poetical Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson. Eyre & Spottiswoode.
 The New Pocket Library: *Euphrates: a dialogue on Youth*. By Edward Fitzgerald. Lane, 1s. 6d.

PHILOSOPHY.

Lévy-Bruhl, L. *Ethics and Moral Science*. Translated by Elizabeth Lee. Constable, 6s. net.

SCIENCE.

Report of the South African Association for the Advancement of Science. Second meeting held at Johannesburg, April 1905. Published by the Association.
 Scientific Memoirs by Officers of the Medical and Sanitary Departments of the Government of India: *Hamogregarina Gerbilli*. By Lieutenant S. R. Christophers, M.B., I.M.S. Issued under the authority of the Government of India by the Sanitary Commissioner with the Government of India, Simla. No. 18; new series. Calcutta: Office of the Superintendent of Government Printing, 10 annas, or 1s.

THEOLOGY.

Holden, H. W. *Pro Christo: an Examination of Foundations*. Skeffington, 2s.
 Elgood, John Charles. *An Inquiry, based on Scripture, into the views held by Praxeas, who lived in the second century, respecting the Christian Faith*. Skeffington, 1s.
 Münsterberg, Hugo. *The Eternal Life*. Constable, 2s. 6d.

TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY.

Lucas, E. V. *A Wanderer in Holland*. Illustrated in colour. Methuen, 6s.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—If your correspondent, H. H. F., would do me the honour to refer to pp. 51-53 of my little volume of "Clues," he would there discover that it had "occurred to some one that Bazzard might have been Datchery." He would also find various reasons given for not entertaining the theory. The points mentioned by H. H. F. had already been fully anticipated, together with others. But the case is very weak. Bazzard is a purely burlesque character, and he had no qualification whatever for acting the difficult and dangerous part of the watcher of a suspected murderer. Even if we allow that the three points mentioned by H. H. F. substantially support the idea that this foolish person, a relative of the foolish Mrs. Billickin, could be entrusted with such a momentous mission, what are they in comparison with the accumulated evidence in favour of Helena Landless? We must surely allow that the balance inclines to the side which contains the greater number of arguments, the more so when those arguments are more logical and more credible in their character. All that can be adduced in Bazzard's favour is that he was something of a mystery, that he had dark eyes, and that on one occasion he was "off duty." On the other side we have the fact that he was a ridiculous egoist concerned only with his own affairs, that he had no interest in Edwin Drood or Jasper,

that he was by no means heroic, that he was not a conversationalist like Datchery, and that Grewgious was not the man to trust him in delicate and hazardous operations. But why H. H. F., who strains at Helena, for whom so many solid arguments can be advanced, should be ready to swallow Bazzard, for whom there is nothing to urge of real value, is one of those puzzles I have almost abandoned hope of solving. Yet H. H. F. deals the death-blow to the theory himself when he admits that if Bazzard were Datchery, Dickens must have abandoned probabilities. That is just it. I maintain that "Edwin Drood"—which I have read a score of times—is a good and great novel, a masterpiece of construction; and my Helena theory goes to prove this. The other theories mainly rest on the assumption that the novel is poor, and that Dickens very imperfectly knew his own business.

August 26.

J. CUMING WALTERS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Proctor and Mr. Cuming Walters both reject Bazzard as Datchery. Dickens does make Grewgious say that Bazzard is "off duty here, altogether, just at present." But this, it is argued, is only his artfulness; he gives a false clue. Mr. Proctor has a probable theory that Bazzard is watching Jasper while Jasper is watching Landless, in town. I do not, however, think Bazzard an impossible Datchery, for what is meant by his association with amateur writers for the stage? This might lead up to his knowledge of "make-up." Again, I do not think Helena an impossible Datchery, for she was meant to do something very notable. But I think her taking the part of Datchery unworthy of Dickens.

ANDREW LANG.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SIMPLICITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The article that appears in the ACADEMY of August 26 under the above heading is a truly admirable one. It is to be hoped that many of our modern poets will carefully read it and be led thereby to study simplicity in the expression of their thoughts and to beware of intricate metres. Your contributor, however, seems to have a poor opinion of our modern poets. But there are critics among us who think that the best of Mr. William Watson's work may fairly rank among the great poetry of our time. Mr. Watson's poems may be sometimes wanting in simplicity but he certainly has the "strength and patience to be true to himself." Your contributor is a great admirer of Wordsworth. I think he will find much to admire in the poet who wrote "Wordsworth's Grave," the "Hymn to the Sea" and the "Ode in May." He might moreover have quoted Mr. Watson's beautiful little song that begins:

"April, April,
 Laugh thy girlish laughter,"

to enforce his thesis that all poets ought to study simplicity.

H. P. W.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In a decadent age when each writer vies to surpass his fellow in employing the specious embroidery of "purple patches" it is refreshing to read an eloquent and closely reasoned plea for "The Excellence of Simplicity."

All lovers of Wordsworth, who, I venture to think, are an ever increasing number, and demand thought as the base of word-magic, will agree with Coleridge's estimate that "since Milton I know of no poet with so many felicities and unforgettable lines as you."

Take these lines for example:

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears . . .
 The still sad music of humanity . . .
 The harvest of a quiet eye . . .
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy . . ."

Tennyson, who had a profound admiration for "Lines written above Tintern," first committed to paper in Joseph Cottle's shop at Bristol, singled out with unerring instinct the exquisite line you quoted: "Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns," as specially worthy of admiration. No doubt it was due to him that Wordsworth is so liberally represented in the "Golden Treasury" to which you rightly direct attention. To Tennyson also may we not attribute its remarkable excellence as an Anthology?

STANLEY HUTTON.

THE LATE PROFESSOR RITCHIE

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—In your review of Professor Ritchie's remains, the writer took so lofty a view that he scarcely did justice to what Ritchie with his workaday philosophy has done for the men of his own time. If he was not a Plato storing up wisdom for remote posterity, he was no tuneless thinker, dreaming in *vacuo* of impossible Utopias. He was ever ready to put to sea on the stormy ocean of current political and social problems. He felt that the future of the race lay on these waters, however stormy. For such an adventurous spirit there could be no "mare clausum." He reproved those "who seek to fortify islands of meaning in an estranging sea of fact." He saw that religions and beliefs which withdraw from patrolling the seven seas of human knowledge and try to found hermit kingdoms are doomed to perish. He saw how Logic, reduced to the dry bones of the Syllogism, was dying of

inanimation. He tried to breathe new life and pour new blood into it by re-establishing it as the science of knowledge instead of the once barren audit of unvouched for facts to which it has been degraded. The philosopher who handles current topics deals in high explosives. His brilliant discussion on the essentially progressive nature of Christianity can only be described as moral dynamite.

August 29.

C. B.

A FEAST FOR BOOKWORMS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—The article entitled "A Feast for Bookworms" interests me very much as I have seen many of the works you mention. Your contributor remarks that the "Historia Naturalis" of Pliny (the Elder by the way) is one of the first, if not the very first book on Natural History ever published. But are not the old Greek authors from whom the Romans drew much of their science worthy to be classed in this category? Aristotle and Theophrastus occur to me at once. The latter was a shining light in Botany, for he at any rate understood a little of the phenomena of plant life. His "De Causa" shows some original research, which indeed cannot be said of Pliny. Pliny was a mere compiler, a chronicler of trifles, many of them of the character of gossip and small beer. Vincent de Beauvais has been called the Pliny of the Middle Ages. "Ortus Sanitatis" was one of the earliest printed books. It contains besides pictures of animals several very grotesque woodcuts of plants.

Of the botanical works mentioned, the "Historia Stirpium" of Fuchs has some of the finest wood engravings of any Herbarium I have seen. In fidelity to nature, I do not think any other book comes up to them and in workmanship they equal the work of Dürer. Clusius is of interest to Englishmen, as he was an acquaintance of Sir Francis Drake and visited him in England. In fact the specimens of potato which Clusius figured were procured from tubers brought from Peru in 1586 by Sir Francis Drake himself.

L'Obel also is of interest to Englishmen, for though of French parentage, he spent a great part of his life in England, and indeed died at Highgate in 1616. He went with Lord Zouch, when that nobleman was sent as Ambassador to Denmark, and on his return was appointed "botanographer" to James I. Besides the "Adversaria" he was the author of the "Observationes sive Stirpium Historia," which was largely quoted by Linnæus.

The "Pinax Rerum Naturalium" of Christopher Merret hardly seems to me to be properly termed "of biological interest." The zoological part of the book is merely a list of names with their Latin and English equivalents with references to Gesner, Aldrovandus and others; and the mineralogy is equally insignificant. The botanical part is slightly better, though even there Merret is full of inaccuracies and quite lacking in discrimination. Does your contributor really think that a "fair knowledge" of biology could be obtained from such a volume?

Your contributor says that "Francois Lequat is a name familiar at least among all naturalists." I should be diffident indeed in laying claim to the title of naturalist, but I can safely lay claim to having read a good number of books on Natural History both ancient and modern. I have never seen the name before and I have ransacked my library in vain to find it. Possibly it is a misprint.

August 24.

EDITH J. TEMPLE.
(Mrs. W. S. Durrant.)

IMPRESSIONISM AND OBSCURITY

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Tilney's letter on the subject of the "green" donkey is interesting, if not very convincing. One is left to wonder whether, had there been a dozen such impressionists surrounding the unfortunate ass, each would have reproduced a donkey of different colour.

But my excuse for trespassing upon your space is to ask again the real question raised by the "Man in the Street's" letter, which appears to me to be this: *Are we not both in Art and Literature suffering from what might be called The Cult of Obscurity?*

It needs but little experience to discover that most people are loud in their praise of what they do not understand. My indictment is that first wilfully, and then unconsciously, this vanity has been pandered to, with the harrowing result that to-day we have Whistler out-Whistlered; whilst the most cursory glance at modern poetry will reveal a display of "difficulty" of which it is hard to speak in temperate language. May I recommend, say to "The Irish School" a careful study of Ruskin's "Elements of English Prose," wherein he says:

"The lower order of singers cast themselves primarily into their song, and are swept away with it (thinking themselves often finer folks for so losing their legs in the stream) and are in the end little concerned though there be an extremely minute dash and infusion of meaning in the jingle, so only that the words come timeably: forcing perhaps an accent or two at last even in these, without any law or excuse for it."

August 23.

MAX FLOWMAN.

QUOTATION WANTED

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Would you, of your courtesy, or any of your readers, inform me where I shall find the words, "I come from my father's vineyard and I know nothing"? I had thought that Sancho Panza said them;

but, in a hurried look through Don Quixote the other day, I couldn't discover. I know that they were originally written in Spanish, or, at least, I have seen somewhere a Spanish equivalent of them.

INQUIRER.

FAVOURITE BOOKS

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—I think it would be very interesting if some of your subscribers would send the names of some few books which have given them great pleasure.

I do not mean "the hundred best books" or notoriously well known books like the Bible, "Pickwick," "Rob Roy," "Vanity Fair," etc., but less known works. What are well known to some are quite unknown to others.

For instance, Ludovic Halévy's "Mariage d'Amour"—a gem—is not known by everybody.

August 28.

J. A. C.

THE BOOKSHELF

The English Lakes. Painted by A. Heaton Cooper. Described by W. T. Palmer. (Black, 20s. net.) A series of "Beautiful Books" dealing with these islands could not have advanced far without a volume on the Lake Country. Here the illustrator and the writer of the narrative have competed so closely with each other that it is difficult to apportion their respective merits in producing this beautiful book. The chapter on Ullswater which the writer well calls the "home of beauty," is particularly good, as Mr. Palmer is really in love with his subject. We wish to accord him special thanks for drawing attention to the proposed purchase of Gowbarrow Fell by the National Trust for Preservation of Places of Natural Beauty. It is to be hoped that the Trust's efforts will be crowned by success and that Dorothy Wordsworth's "Daffodils" may soon be a real as well as an ideal possession of the poetic reader. We only wish it were possible to draw a ring fence round the whole of the Lake Country and preserve it as a national park.

Abbotsford. Painted by W. Smith. Described by W. S. Crockett. (Black, 7s. 6d.) The author of the work on the Scott country has made a worthy companion volume in "Abbotsford," and he has had an excellent collaborator in Mr. William Smith, who has seized with his pencil the picturesque beauties of Tweedside and its surroundings. The narrative is an admirable compilation of all that is worth knowing about the home of the greatest of Borderers. The chapter on John Gibson Lockhart is particularly well done, and is conceived in the best taste. The dreaded "Scorpion" of the now forgotten "Chaldee manuscript" was not, after all, such an uncanny wight. All lovers of Scott should read, and if they read they will buy, this charming volume.

In immediate succession to Macaulay's *History of England*, Messrs. Chatto and Windus have issued, in the St. Martin's Library, Mr. Justin McCarthy's *Reign of Queen Anne*. The juxtaposition of names and titles awakens anew the feeling of regret—which Mr. McCarthy would be the first to share—that Macaulay was unable to write the history of that reign which, as Sir George Trevelyan rightly insisted, "he was competent to treat as no man again will treat it." Even if we admit that Macaulay "looked out upon the world, but, behold, only the Whigs were good," if we agree with Gladstone that his "invincible ignorance" on some subjects was only less amazing than his omniscience on others, and that to some aspects of a case his mind remained "hermetically sealed," the literary quality of his work is undeniable. That he was, perhaps, one of the mob of gentlemen who write with ease, his "multitude of pocket-books of every shape and colour" suggest; but there was a limit to his output, and the vivid picture of the Silver Age which he had doubtless formed in his mind was never painted. Mr. McCarthy's views about "the dignity of history" are, fortunately, as sound as Macaulay's own. He is never the dryasdust, laboriously compiling facts and figures; he is never distressingly accurate; and scanning the pages of this excellent little reprint we are carried back to the age which has given us so many delightful volumes, and turn, instinctively, to the plates in which Hogarth's pencil has preserved every detail of the social life of his day.

Canterbury: A Historical and Topographical Account of the City. By J. Charles Cox. Illustrated by B. C. Boulter. (Ancient Cities, Methuen, 4s. 6d. net.)—Mr. Cox, the author of this volume, was asked by the late Archbishop Benson to write a short history of Canterbury. The work was never finished until, twenty years after its inception, it became part of Messrs. Methuen's excellent series. Mr. Cox knows his Canterbury well; and if this book is not very "good reading," that is because it is so packed with information. A thorough knowledge of its contents would take trouble in the acquiring, but once acquired would make the visitor independent of all guide-books, vergers and other impediments to the enjoyment of travel. Mr. Cox begins by tracing the history of Canterbury from the lake-dwellers to the nineteenth century; and goes on to examine its buildings one by one. He works thoroughly and exactly; and, thoughtfully, concludes his book with an itinerary and a capital index. Mr. Boulter's illustrations are hard and dry; and in this they make a good match for Mr. Cox's letter-press; but like it, they give valuable information which the reader and visitor can transform with their own imaginations. We can imagine no better work than this for those who like to use their own eyes.

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